

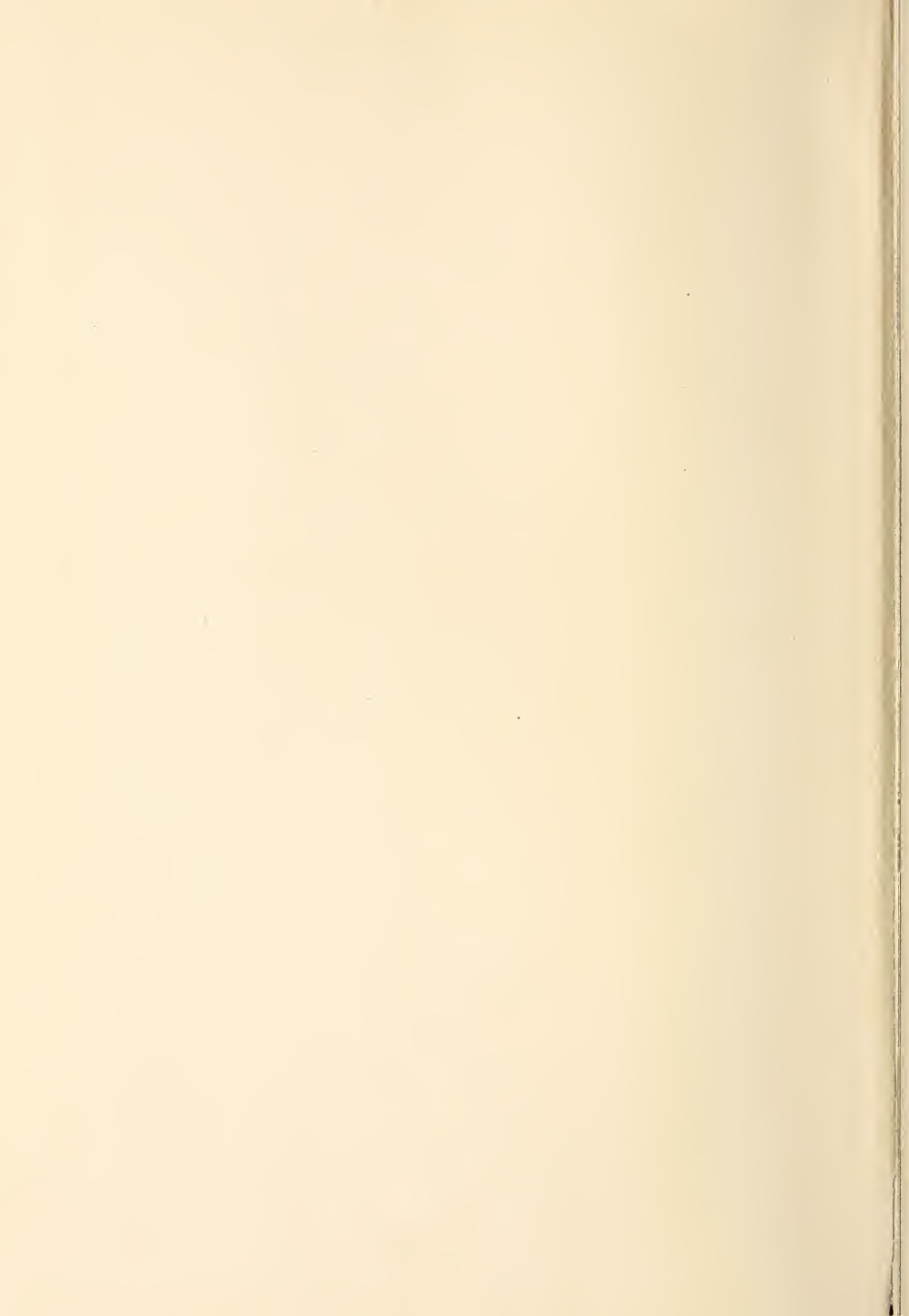


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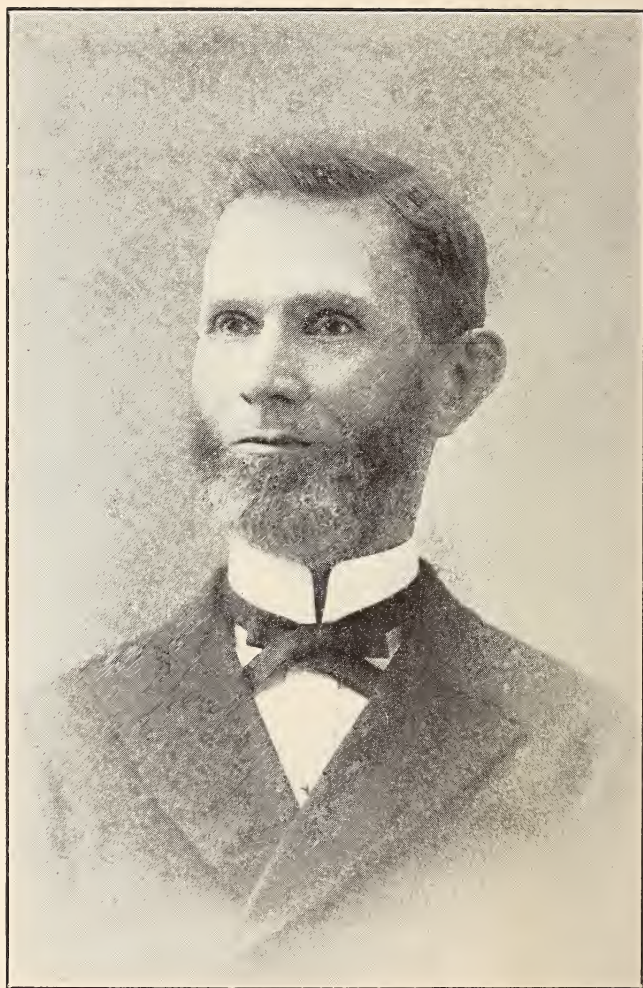
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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS
OF A LONG LIFE





GEORGE WHITEFIELD CLARK, D. D.

OCTOBER 9, 1891

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A LONG LIFE

Personal Life Sketches and Autobiography

BY
GEORGE WHITEFIELD CLARK

ILLUSTRATED



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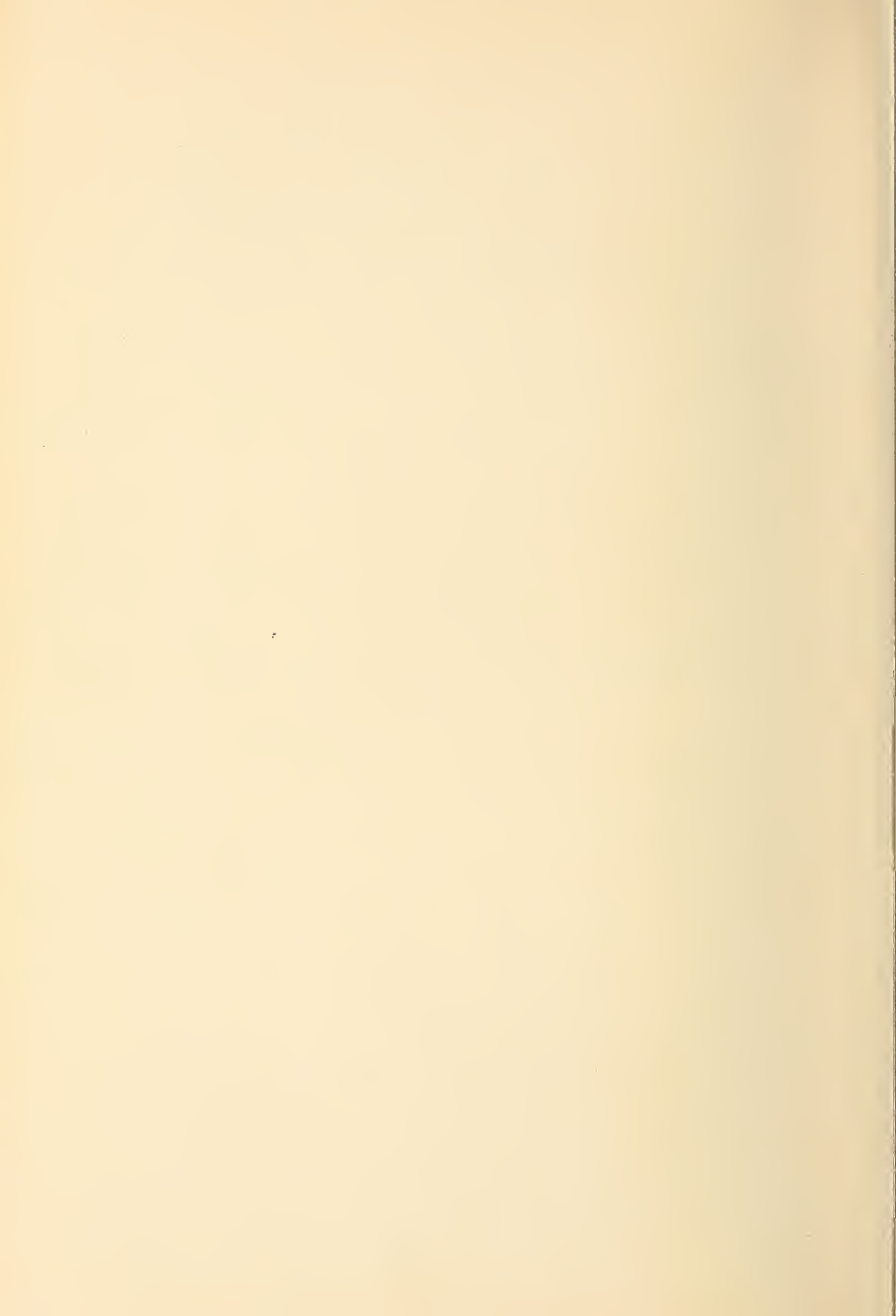
CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. ANCESTRAL JOTTINGS	I
II. FAMILY REMINISCENCES	7
III. WICKLIFFE AND I	12
IV. EARLY SCHOOL DAYS	17
V. EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE	20
VI. COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL DAYS	27
VII. ENTERING AMHERST COLLEGE	33
VIII. FIRST YEAR IN COLLEGE	37
IX. SOPHOMORE YEAR	43
X. LAST TWO YEARS IN COLLEGE	49
XI. FIRST YEAR IN THE ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	59
XII. LAST YEAR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY	67
XIII. FINDING A PASTORATE AND MARRIAGE	74
XIV. FIRST PASTORATE. 1855-1859. NEW MARKET	82
XV. PASTORATE AT ELIZABETH. 1859-1868	102
XVI. MY COMMENTARY, PREPARATIONS FOR	114
XVII. BALLSTON PASTORATE. 1868-1873	127
XVIII. WORK ON COMMENTARY—CLOSE OF BALLSTON PASTORATE	134
XIX. THE SOMERVILLE PASTORATE	141

CHAPTER	PAGE
XX. THE INTERIM	153
XXI. IN THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY	159
XXII. HIGHTSTOWN AND PEDDIE INSTITUTE	165
XXIII. MISSIONARY WORK FOR THE PUBLICATION SOCIETY CONTINUED	171
XXIV. RESUMING COMMENTARY WORK	177
XXV. SHADOWS	184

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE	
<i>George Whitefield Clark, D. D.</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
<i>Views of Timothy Ball's House.</i>	2	✓
<i>The John B. Clark House</i>	8	✓
<i>Hemlock Cascade</i>	14	✓
<i>Ballston Spa Baptist Church</i>	126	✓
<i>Mrs. G. W. Clark</i>	144	✓
<i>Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Clark. After Fifty Years.</i>	184	✓
<i>The Son and the Daughters of Doctor and Mrs. Clark</i>	188	✓



STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A LONG LIFE

I

ANCESTRAL JOTTINGS

IN east New Jersey rises a beautiful range of hills called in olden times "The Watchung Mountain." The territory, several miles wide, extending from the Passaic River to the top of this first mountain, the first settlers of Newark purchased of the Indians. At its base and extending up its side, within the limits of what is now called South Orange, were the old homesteads of Timothy Ball and his son David, during the latter part of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth century.

The Balls were descended from Edward Ball, one of the first settlers of Newark, who came thither with that sturdy old Puritan, Rev. Abraham Pierson, from Branford, Connecticut. The old church at Branford was probably transported bodily with its pastor and deacons, its authorities and privileges. Its members were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their pastor, and they in turn transmitted the same spirit to their descendants.

There is a tradition in the Ball family that Edward Ball was related to Mary, the mother of Washington; his father perhaps being the grandfather of Mary Wash-

ington. During the Revolutionary war, while Washington had his troops stationed at Morristown, he frequently came to the top of the mountain to witness the movements of the British troops near Elizabethtown and Staten Island, which could be seen in the distance. On these occasions he used to visit Usal Ball, brother of David, who lived on the homestead of Timothy Ball, whom Washington recognized as distant relatives, calling them cousins. There he passed nights, and on more than one occasion, as a precaution, stabled his horse in their kitchen.

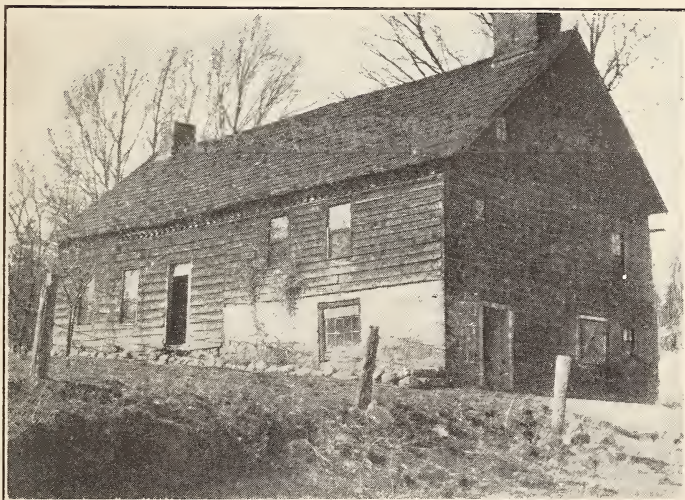
David Ball, like his ancestors, was a pious man—a Puritan in character and life. His five sons and four daughters were reared on his farm, and received such religious and other instruction as was common in those days. While the father and sons were tilling the ground or clearing the forest, the mother and three daughters were attending to domestic concerns in the kitchen, at the spinning-wheel, or the loom. On the Sabbath all work was laid aside, and at an early hour the family prepared for church, which was three miles and a half distant. A common country cart at first, and afterward a plain farm wagon, drawn sometimes by oxen and sometimes by horses, was their conveyance. On their return the remainder of the day was spent in reading the Bible, or some good book, and in catechising the younger members of the family. They were connected with the Presbyterian church at North Orange, originally a Congregational church.

Amid these scenes were spent the childhood and early years of Rebecca Ball, who afterward became the mother of the subject of these sketches. The youngest child of David Ball, born on Saturday, March 23, 1799, she enjoyed good health in infancy, and, accustomed to pure air and much outdoor exercise in childhood, she con-



THE TIMOTHY BALL HOUSE, 1743

NORTH SIDE



TIMOTHY BALL'S HOUSE, 1743

SOUTH SIDE

firmed herself in possession of a good constitution. With auburn golden hair, dark eyes, and a countenance aglow with health and spirit, she was a pleasing picture. Cheerful, childlike, and playful, she was a favorite in her home and in the families of the neighborhood. She early showed a strong memory and a love for reading and study, and acquired an education, though limited, beyond that of her sisters. There was at that time a prejudice against the education of girls. Many parents were afraid lest too much learning should fill their daughters with "high notions," and unfit them for the duties of domestic life. As a consequence, the education of the girls was neglected, and if they were able to read the New Testament with ease, it was generally considered complete.

Under these disadvantages young Rebecca received her early training. At an early age she learned to read and write, and later acquired some knowledge of other elementary branches. Through her love of reading her mind became stored with much religious and useful knowledge.

Early conversions were not so much expected then as now, and a public profession of religion was more frequently made in mature years. Rebecca, however, from early childhood had many religious impressions. When she applied for membership in the church, the pastor and his elders at first regarded her conversion with suspicion, but her Christian experience was so deep, and her perceptions of the way of salvation so clear, that she was finally admitted. It was said that she was the youngest member that had ever been received into that church. She quickly showed activity in her Christian life. About that time the subject of missions was being first agitated in our country, and she became deeply interested, an interest which continued until the end of her life. When Sunday-schools were started, she became active

in the work and in the distribution of tracts. Many, long after she had passed away, remembered her active service for Christ and recounted her faithfulness as a Christian.

On an undulating plain seven miles west of Elizabethtown and eleven miles southwest of Newark was situated the village of Westfield. This was an outer settlement of Elizabethtown, begun in 1720. About 1730 a log Presbyterian church was erected, and a little later a more substantial edifice. During the latter part of the eighteenth century there were about twenty dwellings, a store, and a blacksmith shop. Near the church eastward was the home of Daniel Baker, a tanner, and a little farther south of the church lived Jesse Clark, a farmer, both of whom were great-grandparents of the subject of these sketches.

Here in these two homes was spent the childhood of two children, Phebe Baker and Edward Clark, who, at the close of the Revolutionary struggle, became husband and wife. Their youthful days were spent amid the exciting times connected with the beginning of the war for our country's independence. Their young hearts glowed with patriotism, and sided strongly with the colonists. Both contributed their part—one as a soldier on the field; the other as a helper, manager, and guard at home.

Most of the men of Westfield served at one time or another in the Continental army, with the State troops, or as militia, among whom were Jesse Clark and his son Edward. The "redcoats," as the British and Hessian troops were called, made foraging expeditions through that region, plundering houses and barns, carrying away fowls, beasts, and provisions. But while partially successful, the brave militia proved more than a match for them, meeting them now in the open field and now in ambush.

During the war, Edward Clark served honorably in Captain Scudder's company, second Essex County regi-

ment, and also in the Continental army, and after the war was major of State troops. He was of the family of Abraham Clark, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was descended from Richard Clark, who came from Long Island and settled at Elizabethtown about the year 1678. When peace returned, he was married to Phebe Baker. Their married life of about twenty years was spent in Westfield, Rahway, and Elizabethtown. Children were born to them, and the usual joys and sorrows fell to their lot.

Mr. Clark struggled hard to raise and support a family and amass something for declining years. But his untimely death, in 1803, left his widow with a large family, and only four hundred dollars after settling up his estate. She returned to Westfield, and purchased a property a mile northeast of the village, on which was a small one-story house and barn. Here she managed to keep a cow and pig and fowls, and with the aid of her oldest son, Dayton, she cultivated a garden.

Housework, the spinning-wheel, making and mending garments, and running on errands kept all busy. The oldest daughter, Charity, learned dressmaking, and the next, Polly, was a general helper at home and among the neighbors, and in due time married Abner Stites, of Scotch Plains. Phebe, a younger sister, a beautiful girl and a general favorite, a dependence to her mother, grew into lovely womanhood, and became the wife of Ephraim Clark, who carried on the tanning business a mile away. She became the mother of four children, three sons and a daughter, among whom was the late Mr. James Clark, of Plainfield. As long as widow Phebe Clark lived, Ephraim Clark was to her as an own son, a friend in need and in deed. Her neighbors and many in the church were interested and helpful in her struggles of rearing a large family. After some years, a pension of sixty dollars a

year was obtained for her on account of the services of her husband, Edward Clark, in the war of revolution.

Upon the death of her husband, she at once assumed the duties of the religious head of her family. Night and morning she led in family devotion, and at every meal she invoked God's blessing. She had the children read the Bible, and taught them the catechism. On Sabbath all needless work was laid aside, church was attended morning and afternoon, and the rest of the day was sacredly observed. By her Christian example she taught the children how to live.

Six of her eight children reached manhood and womanhood, filling well their respective places in life, while she continued many years in her humble home with her daughter Charity, a partial invalid, dependent on her. Almost to the last she retained youthful vigor, and at the advanced age of ninety-five she passed away, June 29, 1855, respected and beloved, and with the general verdict that she had not lived in vain.

II

FAMILY REMINISCENCES

ONE morning the humble home of widow Phebe Clark was all astir. The twins, Lewis and John, now about eight years old, must bid adieu to mother and home at Westfield, and go to another in Orange, twelve miles away. Their mother had found herself unable to care for them as she wished. So the next best thing was to bind them out in good families to do chores and errands for their keep and one quarter of schooling each year.

At fourteen they were again bound out to learn the shoemaker's trade. They were now thrown into the company of irreligious, profane, and drunken boys and men. Fortified through their early training, remembering the instructions, the pious life, and prayers of their mother, they resisted temptations, and on the Sabbath regularly attended the Presbyterian church, where Rev. Asa Hillyer was pastor. John was especially industrious, and by overwork was able to buy out his time, a year at least, before he became of age.

During these years at Orange, John met Rebecca Ball at church, and especially in the hour between morning and afternoon service. Acquaintance grew into attachment and love; and they were married October 7, 1819. She, devotedly pious, and he, moral and upright, began a happy married life, which was to continue nineteen years.

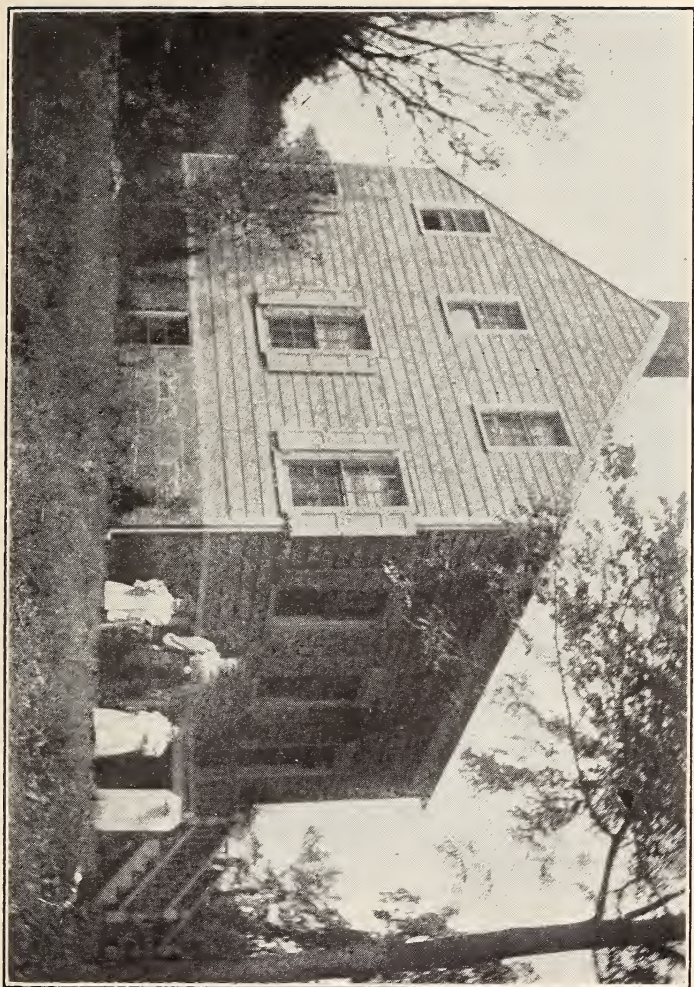
For two years they lived at Westfield, when they returned and purchased a small place near South Orange,

between the homesteads of Mrs. Clark's grandfather, Timothy Ball, and her father, David Ball. In a few years, by careful economy, they paid for their place, and then a new house was erected. In building this a little incident occurred, which illustrates the exactness and careful planning of Mr. Clark.

In 1828 he bargained with Mr. Amos Harrison in a written contract to build his house at nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. The house was well built and completed according to contract, and it is said that the cost was exactly the sum named.

The religious crisis of Mr. Clark's life occurred in 1831. A Presbyterian church was organized at South Orange from the First Church of Orange, under the leadership of Rev. Cyrus Gildersleeve. It was a year of revivals. A spiritual refreshing visited South Orange, and reached the Clark home. Dayton, a boy of eleven years, the oldest of the children, was one of the converts. He became very anxious for his father, and went up to his room for prayer. The father, hearing a voice, went up quietly to the door, and heard his little boy praying earnestly for his father's conversion. Convicted of the sin of neglect and unbelief, he resolved to attend at once to his soul's salvation. That evening found him in the inquiry meeting. There he resolved to be the Lord's.

Returning home, he told the joyful news to his wife, who for years had been praying for him. Taking the Bible in her hands, she said: "John, you have promised to be the Lord's. Begin at once to read and pray in the family." "I cannot," he exclaimed. "You can, you must," she replied. "The Lord will help you. I will read a chapter, and then you pray." She read, and then both bowed down in prayer. And so the family altar was erected, and the Christian life begun. As long as



THE JOHN E. CLARK HOUSE, NEAR SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

the family remained together, both morning and evening witnessed Bible reading and prayer. The Bible now became a daily companion. Mr. Clark so regulated and systematized his reading that for sixty years the entire Bible was read through at least once a year. There are specialists in science, language, philosophy, theology, and in hundreds of subjects. Mr. Clark was a specialist in the English Bible. With a deep religious experience and a spiritual insight, he generally discovered what was the mind of Christ. And who shall say that his conclusions were not upon the whole as reliable as those attained with more learning, but with a less devout spirit.

In 1831 South Orange was a little village of eight dwellings and three public buildings; namely, a store, a hotel, and a combined academy and church. The first story of the latter was used for the public school, the second story for the services of the church. The village and vicinity was composed mainly of farmers, most of whom were only able by the hardest toil, the severest economy and contrivance to secure a moderate competence for life's needs. The manufacturing shoemaker and the cidermaker were the only persons who were looked up to as possessing an extra dollar beyond the next want. The farmer bartered his smaller products with his storekeeper, his blacksmith, and his laborer; his minister received as an equivalent for money the best products of his forest, barn, granary, and cellar; while the corn, hay, or wheat paid the interest, taxes, and necessary expenses incident to the business.

South Orange was by no means a noted locality. Neighboring places had importance commercial, political, historical. But South Orange was rich at least in good men and women. A more moral and religious community could not easily be found. Everybody was a churchgoer, and the Sabbath was rigidly observed. Here

in the little Presbyterian church John and Rebecca Clark found their religious home. Here they began the training of their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

A joyous day was February 15, 1831, in the Clark home. A little one was born, a boy of a mother's many prayers; and she named him George Whitefield. The name of the great preacher was a favorite one in her family. She had heard her parents and grandparents speak of his repeated visits to this country, and how they had been greatly moved and blessed by his preaching. Nearly three years before this, an older brother had come. The mother said that she did not know that there was anything in names, but, hoping that something might come out of it, she called the newcomer Wickliffe Martin, from the two great reformers, Wickliffe and Martin Luther. It was her prayer that these two boys might prove worthy of the names they bore. When George was six years old, she purchased and gave to him the memoirs, writings, and sermons of George Whitefield in a single volume, charging him to read it as he grew up, which he was not slow to do.

But sad changes were coming into the Clark home. Mrs. Clark's health gave way, and for several months the family was quite broken up. Dayton, the oldest, went to Ohio to live with his uncles. Wickliffe and George for a time were in charge of their aunts, Esther and Lydia Ball, in Orange. With returning health, the father, mother, and the two boys made up the home. Two years later was born Theodore, the youngest, who died when a year old. And not long after he was followed by the mother, who left her children a legacy of pious example and Christian instruction. If she had lived in the days of modern Sunday-school methods, she would have made a model primary-class teacher. As it was, she taught her

boys the elementary truths of religion, and made them familiar with the leading characters of the Old and New Testament. Whatever knowledge they afterward attained, the foundation was laid by their mother.

It was Sunday, the middle of August, 1838, one of the finest of summer days. Mrs. Rebecca Clark was nearing her end. Dropsy had set in, and already the water was rising to her heart. Her mind was clear, and her hope in the Saviour as bright as the morning of that lovely day. Conscious that but a few hours of her earthly life remained, she called for the two boys, Wickliffe and George, to bid them farewell. She had taught them to go regularly to church, and she could not make an exception of it now, for she felt their first duty was to God. The two boys entered the sick-chamber and approached the bedside. She told them that she was about to leave them, that they would have no mother now, that they must be good children and serve the Lord; and she committed them to her heavenly Father's care. "It is Sunday morning," she said; "I wish you to go to church. Go down, and get ready;" and then she bade them good-bye. As they were passing out the door, she gave them a final look and said: "I commit you, dear children, into the hands of the Lord. He will take care of you." The boys got ready, and walked hand in hand to meeting in the beautiful sunshine, little realizing what a loss they were sustaining. When they returned in the afternoon, the spirit of the mother had fled, and the children were left to a stricken father's care. The mother's words were quite prophetic. The two boys alone of six children lived into middle and advanced life, both serving the Lord, who has truly been with them.

"OUR MOTHER!"

She taught us how to live; she showed us how to die."

III

WICKLIFFE AND I

NO two brothers could think more of each other than did Wickliffe and I. He, the older by three years, healthy, strong, full of life and boyish pranks; I, somewhat smaller, less strong, subject to children's ailments, rather thoughtful, but ever ready for a good time. He, a natural leader of the boys, with firm and quick movement; I, nervous in action, fleet in running, an assistant and helper. He was my protector. With him, I always felt safe from injury and insult.

Wickliffe was sent to school when three years old, "to keep him out of mischief." I, being of a more quiet turn of mind, was wisely permitted to wait till I was five. Wickliffe and I were always together, at home, at school, at church, at work, and at play. The enjoyment of neither was complete without the other. In those childhood days how we planned for future life! It never occurred to us that we would ever be widely separated. Farms, horses, business, all were talked over, and looked forward to. My own ardor was, however, cooled one day by a slight but painful kick from a colt with which we were playing.

After mother passed away, Aunt Esther Ball had charge of the home, and took excellent care of us. But in less than two years the Lord called her home. Soon after, our father married Miss Nancy Reeve, who proved to be a good and faithful mother. Wickliffe and I were attending school at South Orange. We made some progress in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Childish play

gave way to boyish sport. The village green was a favorite spot. Running, rolling, tumbling, simple plays, and baseball, as it was then played, were the principal attractions. Saturdays and vacations hold a large place in our memories, well filled with some work, but more play.

Winter days with their snow and ice aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Our house stood at the foot of the mountain on the ridge road, just where the lane went up half a mile to near the top. Snow and sometimes ice made this a splendid place for coasting. We could ride the whole distance from the top to the bottom. Here the boys from the neighborhood gathered with their sleds.

But when Sunday came, all sports were laid aside. Nothing that indicated play, not even whistling and laughter, was to be thought of. The day was holy to the Lord. The command was enforced, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary." We arose early in the morning, for father did not believe in sleeping away the Lord's time. We then could spend a morning hour in reading the Bible, both in the Old and New Testament, and by course; for father taught us to read the Bible through from beginning to end. We also had time to wash and put on our clean Sunday clothes. Then we walked with father to meeting. In the intermission at noon we attended Sunday-school; and after the afternoon service we returned home. The rest of the day and evening was spent in talking about the sermons, repeating the texts, reading the Bible. Father would read from some one of the few books that constituted our small family library, such as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Whitefield's life and sermons, Hervey's "Meditations," or daily readings of a book that was called, if I remember aright, the "Poor Man's Daily Portion." The day as thus observed was not a tedious

day. There was a pleasing variety and instruction in it. Its charm has followed us all our lives.

As we advanced into youth music engaged our attention. An evening singing-school was started for us boys by one of our older comrades, Moses A. Peck. For several months Wickliffe and I attended weekly, and we were introduced into the rudiments of music. It was there and then that I discovered that I could sing. Soon after, Amzi D. Freaman, a graduate of Princeton and a student at Union Theological Seminary, New York, taught a weekly singing-school, which we attended. Then some of the boys began to play on musical instruments. One or more played the flute, two on the violin, Wickliffe played on the bass viol at musical gatherings and in the church choir. Sometimes I played the violin. We all sang. A company of half a dozen met at one another's houses an evening a week.

About this time a debating society was started among the boys of fifteen years and upward. It was a great inspiration, and very important in educative influence. It set us thinking, reading, and investigating, and accustomed us to public speaking. Questions of the day and topics of interest in Church and State were discussed; we were trained in independence of thought and to demand not mere assertion, but evidence and truth. We met weekly, and some leading man of the community was requested to preside as judge, and to declare which side had produced the greater weight of argument. Our meetings became very popular, and were well attended by persons who were not members, especially by young ladies. Wickliffe and I were often on opposite sides. How hard we worked in preparation for arguments, and how we waxed warm in presenting them! One might have thought that some crisis in life was hanging on the decision.



HEMLOCK CASCADE

FIRST MOUNTAIN BACK OF SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

1904

So many gatherings for music and debate made a large demand on our evenings, and the return of the boys to their homes was often considered rather late in our quiet village and country community. Doubtless we did sometimes err in this respect, but the profit we received and the influence upon our after-life more than compensated for any loss sustained. When Wickliffe and I were about to leave home, one of the good mothers remarked: "Now since the Clark boys are leaving, there will be no more of those weekly meetings of the boys, and my son will be home evenings." I think she put too much importance on the Clark boys, for they were carrying out the wishes of others as well as their own; yet her words were quite prophetic, for these gatherings did largely cease after we had gone.

As we grew older we became fond of gunning, at least Wickliffe did. We first used an old flint-lock shotgun, afterward a percussion-cap gun. We had but one gun between us; Wickliffe did most of the shooting; and I picked up the game. Often on a spring morning we would arise before light, and go up to a notch in the top of the mountain back of our house. There we would sit and await the flocks of wild ducks as they flew over us from the Newark Bay westward to the Passaic River. At the first dawning of the day, their quacking announced their approach, and when they were just above us, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, Wickliffe would shoot into the flock, and I would hasten to get the falling duck or ducks; how proudly we went home with our booty, and, when they were cooked, never did meat taste better or sweeter.

The top of the mountain was a favorite place with us in those days. It had its historical associations. Here Washington sometimes had come to watch the movements of the British troops. For two or three miles along the

mountaintop we loved to walk and gaze, and gaze again, upon a beautiful panorama of nature spread out before us. At our feet lay Orange on the north and South Orange on the south; in front was Newark Bay and Staten Island; and far away, a little to the northeast, lay New York, and a little to the southeast was Elizabethtown. It was a great treat to us, occasionally, when, with a good spy-glass, we could bring these objects near to us, and see people walking or at work, the town clock on the church steeple at Orange or at Elizabethtown, and the schooners sailing upon the bay.

Thus youth passed till Wickliffe was twenty-one and I eighteen, and then our paths of life parted. In August, 1849, I went to college, and two months later he went West to seek his fortune. Life has been very different from what we planned. Our boyish dreams have not been realized, our way has been very rugged at times, we have not met often since; he has lived mostly in Iowa, and I mostly in New Jersey. Both of us married excellent wives, and both have had five children. Shadows have fallen upon our pathways, and death has entered our homes; but God has been good to us, and as our sun descends toward its setting, the western horizon is rich with blessings. Wickliffe's sun went down June 24, 1905, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. In the Library of Parson's College, Fairfield, Iowa, may be found *The Wickliffe F. Clark Memorial Library* of one hundred volumes.

IV

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

THE common school at the academy at South Orange was regarded as one of the best of its kind in country districts. It lacked classification, and was in no way graded. There was not much uniformity of text-books. Such books as the parents happened to have were generally used. There were three or four arithmetics, and almost as many geographies used in the school. There was some good teaching, especially where classes were formed. The teachers were generally from Massachusetts, and they tried to introduce the methods prevalent there. There was no school fund and no free schools; the parents paid for the tuition of their children. At the end of each quarter the teacher sent out his bills and collected two dollars for each pupil.

To this school George W. Clark, the writer of this sketch, was sent when a little past five years of age. A Mr. Ripley, a bright young man, and afterward a capable student at Princeton, was the teacher. George began at the lowest round, with the alphabet, and he made reasonable progress, continuing in this school for six years, under several teachers.

At eight years of age he could read the Bible with ease. He then began to learn how to write. His aunt, Esther Ball, had a New Testament, which she prized highly, containing useful tables of Scripture names, their pronunciation and meanings, chronology, and references to quotations from the Old Testament. This she offered to give to George if he would read it through, which he did

in a few months. After this she promised him her octavo Bible, containing the Apocrypha, if he would read through the Old Testament. This he did in his ninth year, completing it a few months before her death in the spring of 1840. These two books he has always kept in remembrance of her, and as mementos of childhood days. In her will she left him twenty dollars for his schooling, which paid his tuition for the next two years.

When nine years of age, he began the study of arithmetic. This became his favorite study, and he did little else. He had already learned the multiplication table by rote, and was soon the master of addition and subtraction. Fortunately, Mr. Hurd, his teacher, put him into Colburn's "Mental Arithmetic"; this he went through twice, and knew almost by heart by the time he was ten years old. Thus, written arithmetic became an easy task. In a few months he found himself in a class of boys and girls eight or ten years older than himself. Years after, one of these boys spoke of his mortification when one day he was stuck by an example in proportion, and the teacher called upon little George to do it on the blackboard and explain it. George, however, felt no pride in the matter; he was enthusiastic in arithmetic, and thought little about what others were doing, and so he was greatly surprised one day to hear that his teacher had told his father that he was the best mathematician in school. Having gone twice through Smith's "Arithmetic," he was put into Adam's "Arithmetic," which was regarded as harder than Smith's. This was completed, and soon after one or two other arithmetics.

It now seemed to George that he had nothing more to do. He probably had never heard of algebra, and he was entirely without a guide in his studies. It is strange that his teacher did not put him into geography and

United States history, or that he did not suggest grammar or bookkeeping. He was now eleven years old, and was tired of school. He obtained his father's permission to stay at home and work, and for eighteen months fitted uppers in a shoemaker's shop.

But these months were not entirely fruitless in mental improvement. The work was not hard, and it did not occupy more than six hours a day; so George took to reading and did some writing. He read Hale's "United States History" and a descriptive geography and some other books which he found lying about the house, and familiarized himself with an atlas about ten years old, and read the Bible through at least once. He was a very poor speller. An older comrade, who had been a class-mate in arithmetic, seeing a letter he had written, called his attention to his deficiency, and advised him to use a dictionary. He got a small one, and for years never wrote without having it near at hand. Thus in time he became a good speller and quite rapid as a proof-reader.

During these years his father was accustomed to read aloud an hour each evening to his family. George was interested, and remembered some of the stories in the "Repository Tales of Hannah More," and some things from the lives of George Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards. The "Sentinel of Freedom," a Newark weekly, which came to the house, he read with great interest; so he began to be acquainted with current affairs, and with what was occurring outside of his native town. A peculiar, and in some respects a good, foundation was being laid for future acquirements and work.

V

EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE

THE Bible above all others was the book of the family. Father was accustomed to read aloud Whitefield's sermons, Marsh's "Ecclesiastical History," and President Edwards' "History of Redemption." The last book exerted a great influence on my early religious thinking.

My parents were members of the Presbyterian church at South Orange. Some time during my infancy, I was christened by the pastor. I was told that I was a child of the covenant, which begot in me spiritual pride. I felt that somehow I was better than those who had not received the rite. My father, however, changed his views afterward, and united with a little Baptist church near-by in Jefferson Village, now Maplewood. But he found the church so pervaded with antinomianism that he felt that he could not bring up his children under its influence. So he left the church, and again attended the Presbyterian church at South Orange. My stepmother also was a Presbyterian. Thus in the family, the church, and Sunday-school I was brought under Presbyterian training.

My Aunt Lydia Ball was an excellent Sunday-school teacher, and with my mother was much interested in foreign missions. The wonderful work in the Sandwich Islands, "a nation born in a day," was a familiar topic of conversation. And later, the successful mission among the Armenians of Turkey engaged our attention. Partly as a fruit of this, several years after, I prepared a

20

paper on "The Evangelical Armenians of Turkey, the Reformers of the East," which was published in the "Christian Review" of January, 1859. Aunt Esther Ball, as well as the rest of the family, was fond of religious and theological discussion. It was a common remark of hers, in a day when the doctrines of predestination, election, and limited atonement, were the staple of nearly all preaching, that they would never make her believe that the kingdom of God was not to outnumber greatly the kingdom of the devil.

In those days, 1835 and onward, the differences between the Old and New School Presbyterians were being discussed. The church at South Orange advocated the New School views, and they were strongly favored in our family. Much was said about "the imputed righteousness of Christ," the new birth, repentance, faith and works, election, freedom of the will, and individual responsibility. In this way I became familiar with theological terms, though I understood them but partially. I was thus prepared, however, to investigate these doctrines later with greater interest and more intelligently.

It is often asked, "When does a child arrive at the age of accountability?" Doubtless the time varies according to mental and spiritual development. In my own case, I think it occurred when seven years of age. About that time I recall a change of feeling in regard to my obligations to God and my fellows. Personal religion began to make its claims upon my heart and conscience when I was eight years old.

When I was eleven years old, two things led me to special thoughtfulness. First, my mother had told me that my oldest brother, Dayton, was converted when he was eleven years old. I seemed to hear her say, "It is time that you became a Christian." Secondly, the faithful and evangelical preaching of Rev. Joseph Vance,

of South Orange, reached my heart and awakened my conscience. The Holy Spirit convinced me of sin, and showed me my need of a Saviour.

How I longed to be a Christian! But I shrank from having others know it. Besides, I wished my older brother, Wickliffe, who was my leader in other things, to be my leader in this. Often as we sat together in meeting, listening to the pungent appeals of the pastor, I would watch my brother's countenance to see if he felt as I did. But he remained unmoved. I found that if I would serve the Lord I must leave my brother behind.

There was considerable interest at that time in the church. The pastor had an inquiry meeting on Monday evenings. A number of young people, who were a few years older than I, attended and professed conversion—I wished to go. But no one thought of me; no one asked me to go. Under a great burden of feeling, I made an attempt one evening. I went to the village, to the gate, to the door, trembling all the time. Just as I was about to ring the door-bell, my heart failed me, and I made an ignominious retreat.

Later I sought the company of Christians, hoping for religious and personal conversation. But no one, not even my father, who conversed much on religious subjects, suspected my anxiety for my soul. I called on some of the young people who had recently professed religion, even talking on religious matters, hoping for a word about my personal salvation. But no one had a word for me. Literally, it seemed that no one cared for my soul.

My twelfth birthday came. Twelve years old and not a Christian! With what sadness I looked over the year just passed. I felt myself a condemned and guilty sinner before God. I was well-nigh filled with despair. What

should I do? I felt that the day must not pass without deciding for Christ. To whom should I tell my feelings, but to my father? I watched the sun. I felt I must do it before the day was gone. How hard the task! The interest of life both here and hereafter seemed centered in the last afternoon hour.

It was the crisis of an immortal soul. While the shadows were lengthening, with trembling heart, I entered the shop where my father was alone at work. Taking a seat, I said, "Father, what must a person do to be a Christian?" At first he seemed a little surprised, but he at once took in the situation, and talked with me tenderly. Among other things, he said: "You must go like the publican, praying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" I had been before taught that I must go in Christ's name. So I sought God in earnest prayer. The burden passed away. But faith was feeble, and soon after I was walking along the road toward South Orange, greatly dissatisfied with myself, when I came to some clusters of bushes by the wayside. I entered within them, and upon my knees, with the heavens over me, I besought God's mercy and gave myself up to him to be his forever.

The Bible was now to me the book above all others, and most of my spare time was spent in reading it. Its words were clothed with new meaning. I began writing my thoughts on different passages, until they filled quite a volume of manuscript. I delighted to be in the company of Christians, and found it easy to talk with them. My father asked me to take part in the evening family prayer, and thus I began to engage in public prayer.

At my conversion I had no other thought than that of uniting with the Presbyterian church at South Orange. But the pastor and an elder thought as I was young, that

it was best for me to wait awhile before making a public confession. They advised me to read the New Testament, and to be in the habit of secret prayer. This I was already doing. It was not long before I became dissatisfied with the baptism I had received in my infancy. I saw the New Testament taught that faith came before baptism, and I could not see how my parents could believe for me. Still I hoped in some way to join the church of my earliest and tenderest associations, where most of my friends and associates belonged, and where I attended meeting and Sunday-school.

Probably I would not have united with any church, had it not been for several days of evangelistic meetings, held about that time in the Baptist church in Jefferson Village, by Rev. Isaac M. Church, of Northfield, and Rev. William Leach, of Lyons Farms. These meetings I attended. In them I came to understand more clearly the principles and practices of Baptists, and approved them.

Accordingly on Saturday the sixth of May, 1843, I walked four miles to the Northfield Baptist Church, related my Christian experience at the covenant meeting, and was accepted for baptism. On the following day, Sunday, May seventh, I was baptized by Rev. Isaac M. Church in Canoe Brook, about a quarter of a mile from the meeting-house.

The place of my baptism was a beautiful spot, shaded by large trees where, in a little turn of the stream, the water gathered and formed a natural baptistery. Here for two generations young believers had followed their Lord, and had been buried with him in baptism. That was a memorable day in my life, a day of both public and private consecration to Christ my Saviour.

For six years, till I went to college, I was accustomed to walk the four miles to church at Northfield every

other Sunday. The intervening Sunday I attended the Presbyterian church at South Orange, where I also attended a weekly prayer-meeting. I was also in the Sunday-school in both places, and at one time I became a teacher in a Union Sunday-school in Jefferson Village. One winter I distributed tracts every other Saturday through the latter place; and for over a year I assisted in holding a family prayer-meeting, rotating between three different families.

From my earliest years I had a general impression that I was to be a preacher of the gospel. Soon after my conversion these impressions became deep and settled convictions. But on two occasions I wavered. The medical profession very early (and indeed always) had for me strong attractions. For a short time I thought strongly of studying medicine. But while preparing to do so my convictions that I must preach the gospel returned with increased power. I then turned away from all the attractions of business and worldly professions, and in my heart devoted myself to whatever work the Lord might give me in the Christian ministry.

I made known to my father my desire to preach the gospel. He took it kindly but cautiously; talked with me about being called of God, the greatness and responsibility of the work; but upon the whole encouraged me. My pastor, Rev. Isaac M. Church, also gave me wise counsel relative to prayer and self-examination; and when, at his advice, I exercised my gifts in prayer and exhortation, he encouraged me to persevere in my endeavors.

The deacons of the church were more guarded. They exhorted me to examine my motives, and not hastily decide that the Lord wished me to preach. It was not yet apparent that I had the necessary gifts and the facility of utterance. I lisped when I spoke, and had

some impediment in my speech. This the deacons regarded as a serious obstacle to becoming an acceptable preacher. I told them that I felt the defect, and that if the Lord had called me he would sufficiently take it away, and that my conviction and faith was that he would remove it. I also referred to Demosthenes, who overcame great physical disadvantages. This, in a measure, satisfied the deacons. Later the church voted to approve my studying for the ministry; and early in life the defects in my speech largely disappeared.

VI

COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL DAYS

AS my convictions grew that I must be a minister, I felt that I must go to college. I knew but little what that meant; but I knew that I must study Latin. I begged my father to buy me a Latin grammar. Well do I remember my joy when, upon an autumn afternoon of 1843, my father came from Newark, and tossed into my hand "Andrews and Stoddards' Latin Grammar." Never was a book more welcome, and never for anything have I been more grateful. I began to study it by myself, without a guide or suggestion from any one.

Eighteen months before this I had besought my father to allow me to stay home and work. Now I as earnestly desired to return to school and study. Father again granted my desire. I went to the same public school that I had attended when a child. Mr. J. F. Severance was the teacher, who had taken a college preparatory course. I began the study of algebra and Latin; also English grammar and astronomy, and, after a while, Greek. Thus about fifteen months passed away, when Mr. Severance left and entered Amherst College.

A few months later I entered the private school of Rev. Abraham Harrison, at North Orange. Mr. Harrison was a Presbyterian minister, a graduate of the college at Princeton in 1797. He taught mostly English, but gave instructions in Latin and Greek to any who might wish to take up those studies. The distance from my home to his school was three miles and a half. This I walked daily. After a year, Mr. Harrison thought me

prepared to enter Princeton. I had read the Latin Reader, six books in Virgil, and four orations in Cicero. In Greek, I had read a portion of a Greek Reader, the first book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and a portion of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*. But while doing this, I had been drilled in only the simplest forms of construction, and had done nothing in either Latin or Greek composition.

On writing to Princeton for a catalogue and necessary information, I found the expenses were more than my father could afford. I was only sixteen, and I could well wait a year. So father set me to gardening and doing chores generally; and we waited to see if the Lord would open the way. During a year at home from school I had much time for reading and study. I read the Gospels in Greek, almost all of the seven books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and two or three books of Homer's *Odyssey*. As I did this without a teacher and without any translation, I made many mistakes, but got a good Greek vocabulary. Since I was looking forward to the ministry, I gave my principal attention to Greek, and very unwisely undervalued and neglected Latin. Thus my preparatory course was one-sided. How much hard work it afterward cost me!

During these preparatory years I engaged occasionally in religious work, such as tract distribution and family visitation in connection with extra meetings. I scarcely ever missed the weekly prayer-meeting at South Orange. I kept a diary, from which I learn that I enjoyed religious devotions and work, but had a very low view of my own spiritual condition.

I was now seventeen years old, and my prospects for a college education had not brightened during the year. My pastor, Rev. J. B. Waterbury, had asked the New Jersey Baptist Education Society for assistance, but its

treasury was overdrawn, and churches did not respond in collections. I walked twelve miles to Plainfield to see Rev. Simeon J. Drake, and five miles to Newark to see Rev. H. V. Jones, both of whom were connected with the Society. I learned that the Society had about a half-dozen beneficiaries, but had not enough funds to pay what they had promised to their support. Both Mr. Drake and Mr. Jones advised me to hold on prayerfully, but they could give no present encouragement for financial aid. Father was greatly discouraged, and probably would have given up all hope of my going any farther in my education had it not been for my brother Wickliffe. It was indeed a dark hour.

Just about this time Rev. Daniel G. Sprague, pastor of the Presbyterian church at South Orange, said to my father that if I could become a Presbyterian minister the church would educate me. His son Daniel had been a classmate of mine for a year at Mr. Harrison's school in North Orange. I appreciated the offer and the kindness that prompted it. It would have delighted me to accept it. The church had been the spiritual birthplace of my father, and the spiritual home of my sainted mother and of my relations in that vicinity. I was at home in its Sabbath-school and its prayer-meetings. The companions of my childhood and youth were there. To go to Northfield Baptist Church meant a long walk over two mountains. I did not know the people there so well, and I had scarcely any associates among the young people. Indeed, almost everything on the side of social influence would lead me to accept the offer. But I could not accept; I must be faithful to my conscience. I had become a Baptist from convictions, and I must remain honest to myself, to God, and my fellow men.

At length father advised me to learn a trade, or seek a clerkship in a store, and there pass three or four

years and await the leadings of Providence. This it seemed best to do. I went to Newark in search of some position which I might be able to fill, but was unsuccessful.

Just then occurred a little incident which determined the course of my whole after-life. On a Sunday morning in April, 1848, father and I were walking to church at Northfield. We were just on top of the second mountain and, as we approached a crossroad, who should meet us but Mr. J. James, of Milburn, a brother member, on his way to church. It was strange and singular that we should meet just there and then. On account of the distance, he did not come frequently to church. Never before or afterward, so far as I can remember, did we meet him on the way. He inquired at once about my studies and when I was going to college. We told him our troubles. He replied that the school at Milburn would soon need a teacher. He was president of the Board of Trustees, and there was no doubt but that I could have the school that spring or the coming autumn. Light gleamed on our darkness. It was a pivotal moment of my life. I have always regarded it as a marked providence of the Lord. It had not occurred to me that I could teach, I was so young, and so youthful in appearance, but I at once determined to try.

In a few days Mr. James sent word that their teacher would continue another quarter, but that doubtless I could have the school in the autumn. In the meantime I could not be idle. Within a few days I had walked over fifty miles, visiting different school districts; at length, I found a school vacant at Spring Village, Short Hills, a mile above Milburn. The president of the Board of Trustees laughed heartily when he heard my application. "What! such a small, young fellow as you teach school?" "That is what I am hoping to do," I

answered, and referred him to Mr. James. The result was I was engaged.

On Monday, May 22, 1848, I began teaching at Spring Village. It was three and a half miles from home. This I walked daily. I had about twenty pupils, most of them quite young. Everything passed off pleasantly. The parents and trustees expressed themselves pleased, and wished me to continue. But the school at Milburn was larger, and only two and a half miles from home. So I accepted that position, and began teaching in the autumn. In those days the teacher usually received two dollars a quarter for each pupil, and he collected his own bills. Some teachers were tardy in collecting, and lost considerably. I presented my bills personally at the end of each quarter, and fortunately lost but little.

The school at Milburn averaged forty pupils of all grades and classes, between six and sixteen years of age. I was kept very busy and enjoyed the work, and the pupils generally made commendable progress. I taught here three quarters. During the last quarter, two or three boys proved unruly, and I expelled the leader, a son of a trustee. This offended the father. As a result, I accepted the school in Jefferson Village, only a mile from home. Mr. James was sorry to have me leave, but was glad that I had bettered myself.

The school at Jefferson Village numbered about forty pupils, most of whom I had known from their early childhood. Some of them were almost of my own age. But we got along pleasantly and even enthusiastically together. More than in either of the other schools, the pupils loved me and I loved them. Memory dwells pleasantly upon those days, upon scenes both in and out of school, and upon boys and girls who grew to be good men and women. The people wished me to continue. But I had gotten many things necessary for college life;

and besides, I had put away one hundred dollars, a sum which in those days seemed large to me. I felt I could not delay longer my cherished plan of entering college. So I closed my school on August 15, 1848, having been teaching fifteen months.

VII

ENTERING AMHERST COLLEGE

FOR several months it had been a question whether to go to Madison University or to Amherst College. A schoolmate, Daniel J. Sprague, had entered Amherst the year before, and he wished me to come there. It would cost less to get there, and less when I got there. Good board could be obtained in clubs for about one dollar a week. As I was studying for the ministry, my tuition would be free. The financial reasons decided the question for Amherst.

While it is doubtless best for a Baptist young man to attend a Baptist college, yet in this case my decision proved a wise one. Just at that time professors and students at Hamilton were greatly agitated about the removal of the institution to Rochester. Professors were often absent from their classes, and students often diverted from their studies. The course of study was much affected. I have often regretted that I met so few Baptists in my college course. I have felt the loss of having known in college so few of those with whom I afterward labored in the ministry. But the course at Amherst was more thorough. A deeper foundation was laid, and a broader range of studies pursued. The reputation of Amherst also has often been of great advantage to me.

After closing my school at Jefferson Village, I had but two weeks before starting for Amherst. I had hoped to review my studies, but for this I found no time. For over two years I had unwisely neglected Latin, and for

over a year I had not found time for Greek, except occasionally to read the Gospels. Had I known the severity of the Amherst examinations, I would have lost all heart for making an attempt. But in my case "ignorance was bliss," and confidence in what I had known carried me safely through.

Fortunately for me, the entrance examinations were oral, except prose composition, which I frankly confessed I never studied. In mathematics I passed easily. So, also, in Greek, though a little rusty; yet I had read more than was required. But Latin was almost a failure. I was admitted, however, into the freshman class, though conditioned in Latin. After three months of very hard work I met the condition, and was matriculated at the end of the first term. My class was instructed by tutors, and numbered fifty-three members.

The president of the college in 1849 was Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D., an eminent scientist, famous as a geologist, and an able evangelical preacher. He delighted to present science as the handmaid of religion. A scientific and religious atmosphere pervaded the college. He had gained his education through great financial struggles, and won his way to fame through many bodily infirmities. He had great sympathy with young men who were working to get an education. It was very largely through his influence that the price of board was kept low both in clubs and families. Associated with him was an able faculty. The professor of Greek was William S. Tyler, D. D., a ripe scholar and a fine teacher, classmate and next in honor to Prof. H. B. Hackett, D. D. Ebenezer S. Snell was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, a stimulating teacher and brilliant lecturer. Rev. Henry B. Smith, afterward of Union Theological Seminary, was professor of intellectual and moral philosophy. He was very popular with the stu-

dents, and the finest preacher of the faculty. Besides these were Rev. Aaron Warner, professor of rhetoric and oratory; Charles U. Shepherd, M. D., professor of chemistry and natural history; and Charles B. Adams, professor of astronomy and zoology—all men of note and ability in their respective departments.

The students were required to attend morning and evening prayers, and two services on the Sabbath. I was excused one Sabbath a month to attend the Baptist church. There was a mid-week evening meeting, attendance on which was optional. Class prayer-meetings were held on Saturday evenings. The chapel bell rang at 5 a. m. for prayers in the summer, and at 6 a. m. in the winter. Immediately after prayers came the first recitation of one hour, which was followed by breakfast. The second recitation came at eleven o'clock, followed by dinner; the third at five o'clock, followed by supper. On Wednesday afternoon there were declamations before the whole college. On Saturday the afternoon recitation was omitted. This arrangement worked well. I regarded it as most excellent. It contributed to habits of early rising as well as of early retiring, and to healthfulness. The modern plan of bringing the recitations together in the forenoon does not commend itself to me as an improvement. Perhaps it is easier and more convenient for the professors, but it does not divide and systematize the time so well for students.

Upon my entrance I was assigned to room No. 4, South College, first floor, backside, corner next to chapel. I was also assigned to one of the two literary societies.

I joined the best boarding club, the price of the board being one dollar and twenty cents a week. A club was run by a steward, who received his board for his labor. A woman furnished room, table, and dishes, and did the cooking for twenty-five cents a member weekly. There

were twenty in our club. We had mush and milk for breakfast, meat once a day, and milk toast or biscuit, or both with ginger cake, for supper. The diet, though plain, was substantial.

The first few days of college life were cloudy and rainy. Far from friends and home, there came over us very naturally a feeling of loneliness and sadness. But we had not much time for gloom. Every minute was occupied, and there were constant diversions. We were entering on a new life and new scenes. We were having new experiences and making new friends. So time passed pleasantly and rapidly.

VIII

FIRST YEAR IN COLLEGE

THE first thing I recall in college life is our alphabetical seats in the chapel at daily prayers and Sabbath services. Beside me were James Buckland, afterward a successful business man in St. Louis and later a preacher of the gospel; Amos Coolidge, for many years the faithful and beloved pastor in Leicester, Massachusetts; and Edward P. Crowell, who became eminent as professor of Latin in Amherst College.

The next thing I remember was my introduction to Livy, with whose history I wrestled for the space of six months, unrelentingly and with varying successes. I recall an instructive incident; I was troubled about a certain grammatical construction. As I had been accustomed to dig out everything myself, I sought aid from no one. Having poor success, I ventured to ask the tutor, expecting to obtain the light that I needed. But to my disappointment he gave no explanation, but merely referred me to the treatment of the topic in the grammar, which I had already read and reread with only a darkening effect. Afterward I found that my trouble was principally in the misconception of terms. The difficulty could have been removed in a few minutes, if the tutor had sought out my trouble, explained, and illustrated the terms used. He teaches best who best adapts himself to the capacity of his pupils.

The most exciting matter during the first term in college was the discussion concerning college secret societies. It was said that certain things had occurred in

connection with these societies which were not for the best interest of the college.

As a consequence, a year before, 1848, there had been organized an Anti-secret Society, which took the name of Equitable Fraternity. Its aim was moral and literary, to secure the enjoyment of literary privileges and social advantages, without oaths or secrets. It had a vigorous beginning, and there were enrolled in its membership a goodly number of excellent, earnest men. A room was given by the college for the meetings, and was fitted up by the members. It became noted as a literary society and as a moral force in the college. Its influences continued in classes that followed us. Its membership "included a large proportion of the best of the college, and many of the honor men, as for example, in one class the valedictorian, salutatorian, and philosophical orator." The society still continues as a non-secret fraternity, under the name of Delta Upsilon.

It is my opinion that, if it were possible, it would be better both for the college government and the students, if all these fraternities, secret and non-secret, were abolished, and the whole strength and heart of the students were put into the general literary societies of the college. The college is and should be the most democratic place in the world, and whatever tends to form cliques or produces alienations should be as far as possible avoided.

The fall term closed on Tuesday, November twenty-seventh, just before Thanksgiving Day. There was a long winter vacation, in order to accommodate such students as were obliged by their circumstances to teach a term of school. Such students were allowed to be absent the first six weeks of the winter term. As I could not spare my time from my studies, I arranged with the American Tract Society, Boston, to spend the vacation in

selling their publications. I chose for my field of work the northern part of the State, along the line of the Fitchburg Railroad, from Millers Falls to Gardner, making excursions at times a little to the north and to the south. Books were sent me to certain stations on this road as I needed them.

My first Sabbath, December first, I spent with Rev. William Leach, pastor of the Baptist church at Wendell, who was once an Amherst student, and afterward pastor at Lyons Farms, New Jersey. He it was who assisted Rev. I. M. Church in a few meetings at Jefferson Village soon after my conversion, and by his counsel helped me in my early Christian course. I received from him and his family a hearty welcome. It was a joy to meet one whom I had known six years before. Mr. Leach gave me valuable advice, and encouraged me in my work. He told me of his brother, Rev. Sanford Leach, who was pastor at Baldwinville, and advised me to visit him. This I concluded to do.

It was Friday evening, December seventh, that I arrived at Baldwinville, and called on Rev. Sanford Leach. I at once learned that he was an Amherst graduate of the class of 1837, and had been pastor at Deckertown, New Jersey, where he married his wife. The fact that I was a Jersey boy was my best introduction to the family. I was most cordially received. A son even could hardly have met a heartier welcome. It was a bright spot in that period of my life. Pleasant memories still cluster around that Christian home. For five weeks I made it my headquarters, going to and returning from different places as it might be necessary to carry on my work for the Society.

Thus the vacation passed away, with some weariness and physical exposures, some snow and some intense cold, but with much hopefulness and much enjoyment.

I got back to Amherst in good health, and began a new term by buying and sawing a cord of wood.

The notable event of the winter term, and indeed of the whole year, was a great revival of religion, which imparted new energy to Christians and reached almost every unconverted person in college. Thursday, February twenty-eighth, was the day of fasting and prayer for literary institutions of our country. The friends of the college had looked forward to the day with much anxiety and prayer. It was four years since the institution had been visited with special revival. During its history no class had graduated without passing through at least one season of special refreshing. The question was often asked, Shall this year, and this senior class be an exception? Will not the Lord be gracious as in the past? There was much preparation and searching of hearts. The president was very earnest in preaching and personal effort.

The day came. It was devoted entirely to religious services. The day was rendered more solemn by the sad providence of God in the death, just the day before, of Prof. W. A. Peabody, after a brief illness. A gloom spread over the college. Death and eternity seemed very near as we attended the last funeral rites the following day, which was Friday.

On Saturday evening the president visited the class prayer-meetings. In our meeting he proposed four Scripture questions: "How old art thou?" "How long shall I live?" "Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" "Is it I?" After the meetings the professed Christians of our class, comprising one-half, met, and each one selected an unconverted classmate, for whose conversion he would labor and pray. The Sabbath services were of deep interest, and the week following gave signs of the outpouring of the Spirit. During

the whole month of March the work went on, until almost every non-professor of our class and of the senior class professed conversion, and very many from the other classes. If I remember rightly, about sixty professed a change of heart.

The college was well organized for service. Within the institution itself was an organized Congregational college church. Its members were from families of the faculty and of college people of the town and many of the students. The president, who was pastor, preached about half of the time, and other members of the faculty the other half. All were evangelical preachers and workers. A strong spiritual influence was the result. A religious atmosphere pervaded the college at all times. In seasons of special effort, the various agencies were at hand, ready for very effective work. In no college have I ever seen Christian forces so well organized to serve. I think it worthy of imitation in some Baptist colleges.

The influence of the revival followed us through the remainder of the year. There had been a deepening of the work of grace in our souls, and an increased enjoyment of spiritual things. Our class prayer-meetings were interesting and profitable and largely attended. All seemed actuated by higher and nobler purposes, to make the most of life and its opportunities, and to be faithful in all things.

Freshman year ended August eighth. It had been a successful year in study, in work, and in meeting expenses. When a child, I learned to sew and do a little at tailoring. I utilized this knowledge during the year in making myself a suit of clothes, and occasionally repairing garments for students. I also received twenty-five dollars, being my share from the sale of a land-warrant, which was given by the government on account of military services by my oldest brother, Dayton, who died in

the Mexican war. During the second and third terms of the year my board cost me about a dollar a week in the cheaper clubs. As a result I closed the year with all my bills paid and forty dollars in hand with which to begin a new year.

IX

SOPHOMORE YEAR

THE summer vacation of four weeks I spent at home. As I had not enough money to carry me through sophomore year, it was necessary to make plans for meeting my expenses. My brother Wickliffe had gone West to seek his fortune. My father had lost money, and was unable to help me. So I engaged to teach the winter term of school in Jefferson Village, where I had taught two years before. On September 3, 1850, I returned to Amherst, and entered upon the studies of a new year. I was very busy, and time passed almost unnoticed. The first term soon came to an end, and I returned home and began my school on November twenty-fifth.

I loved to teach, and time passed pleasantly. I was greatly interested in my pupils, and everybody seemed pleased. The trustees and patrons besought me to continue. While I would have liked to do so, I felt that it was best to pursue my studies as fast as possible. So I returned to college February 24, 1851. I was at once confronted with very much and very hard work, having lost the first six weeks of the term. However, I made up my studies, and passed the necessary examinations.

Most of the spring vacation of three weeks I spent in canvassing for the "Mother's Assistant," a monthly magazine published in Boston. I visited most of the towns between Sunderland and Springfield, and traveled one hundred and seventy miles. I had poor success, because the "Mother's Journal" was largely taken through

this region. I earned, however, nearly ten dollars over expenses. About half of the time I lived on bread or crackers and milk. Still I was in good health, and daily thanked God for his goodness. I greatly enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the Connecticut River Valley. But I returned to Amherst anticipating better times from the fields of literature and science.

The few days before term-time I employed myself in assisting the college janitor in mending carpets, setting fences, and doing chores. I began boarding myself, expecting to continue this way of living through the summer term. Then I thought it would be necessary to stay out a year and teach. It was the darkest financial period of my college life. But just then occurred one of the many remarkable providences which God has given me. I give it substantially as I wrote it May 31, 1851:

"I have great reason to praise God for his goodness. At the end of last term I was in a quandary how to meet the expenses of the summer term. I took an agency, but did not succeed very well. Three or four days before the term began I returned to Amherst somewhat troubled, but not discouraged, for my trust was in God. I began boarding myself. On Friday evening at eight o'clock Mr. L. B. Fifield, a classmate, came to my room and urged me to spend the night with him, and I replied jocosely that I would if he would give me my breakfast. This, of course, was acceded to. The next morning in conversation at breakfast I incidentally spoke of the various kinds of work I was doing. Miss Montague, with whom Mr. Fifield boarded, took particular notice of this, and after breakfast asked me how I would like to help her two or three hours, as she was cleaning house and it was Saturday, and she wanted to get things in order before Sunday, and also said that if I would, she would board me over Sunday. I was glad to receive such an offer, and

went immediately at work and continued to work all day. The following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I worked part of the time papering walls, piling up the wood in the wood-house, and helping generally. Since that time, during six weeks I have worked a little every day, painting and doing a variety of things. Thus I earned my board so far this term. (This I continued for ten weeks.) I feel specially thankful to God. Often during my last vacation I prayed while walking along the road, sometimes in a solitary wood, often by a lonely wayside, where no eye but God could see me, kneeling upon the ground and asking God to provide for me this term in a way that seemed best to him. God has, indeed, answered my prayer, and in a manner that I least expected."

But a still more wonderful providence awaited me. On the seventh of June I received a letter from Rev. Henry C. Fish, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Newark, New Jersey, informing me that I had been admitted as a beneficiary of the New Jersey Baptist Education Society. This came to me as a great surprise. My name had been before the Society for about four years, but the Society seemed almost dead, and but little money was raised. I had given up hope of aid from that direction. But Mr. Fish had become secretary, and was infusing some of his own life and energy into the institution. On June third, the East New Jersey Baptist Association met with his church, and at his suggestion the evening was given to the subject of ministerial education. Addresses were made, and notably one by Rev. A. Rauschenbusch, of New York, (afterward professor at Rochester) on the condition of the German population of our country. Three German young men, studying for the ministry, were adopted as beneficiaries, and their support was guaranteed by several brethren of the First Baptist

Church. In addition, a collection of forty-seven dollars was taken up.

Rev. J. H. Waterbury, who had been my pastor at Northfield, then arose and said: "We have provided for our German brethren, and shall we not take care of our own?" He then referred to one who had some time before sought aid of this Society in vain, and who was, amid great difficulty, working his way through Amherst College. Immediately four brethren of the First Church arose and pledged twenty dollars each annually until the young brother should complete his course of study. Hence the letter that I received from Mr. Fish four days later.

I was greatly affected by this unexpected kindness, manifested at a time when I most needed it. My heart swelled with gratitude to God and to my brethren. This led me to take my letter from Northfield and unite with the First Baptist Church at Newark in the following autumn. On the twenty-first of December, 1851, Mr. Fish gave me the right hand of fellowship in behalf of the church.

As a result of this experience, I have always been an earnest advocate of education societies, and of helping all needy and worthy young men seeking an education. Objection has been made to the methods employed, that they tend to destroy manliness in students, and that they are offensive to their self-respect. But such was not the effect in my case. To me they proved a means of grace, and made me more desirous to devote my whole life and being to the service of God. They made me feel that I had not mistaken my calling. They stimulated me in study and faithfulness, and to the best improvement of opportunities and privileges, so as not to disappoint the hopes and expectations of those who were helping me as a servant of the Lord.

The rest of the college year passed pleasantly with a variety of experiences. One of the pleasing incidents of the summer term was the providing of ourselves with class canes. These were made of ebony wood, with ivory heads, and silver-mounted, and inscribed "Amherst College, Class of 1853," to which was added the owner's name. They were used for a time, and then put aside for old age. Their influence was good in unifying the class and in cultivating a class spirit.

But one of the canes proved the occasion of the most exciting episode of our college life. A young belle from Vermont had come to town, and frequently appeared on the street in bloomer costume. She was very attractive, and became the theme of town and college gossip. Many of us said that, if we ever married, we would select a Vermont girl, which years afterward I fortunately did. Some of the students were specially attracted toward her, and daily she was seen with some one of them. A freshman was one of the number, and he was seen walking out with her, flourishing a sophomore cane! As might be expected, the sophomores were greatly excited over such an unheard-of liberty taken by a freshman. Soon the news spread to every member of the class. A meeting was hastily called. The class took the authority in their own hands—appointed officers, sheriff, marshal, constable, judge, lawyers, and court of justice, and requested me to write a poem to read before the class at their weekly exercise of compositions.

The freshman was arrested, and a day appointed for his trial. The day came, and the court assembled in the lecture-room of the college chapel. Students from all the classes crowded the room to witness the proceedings. Witnesses were summoned and testimony taken, and lawyers for the State and for the defense discussed eloquently. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty with a

recommendation for mercy. The judge decided, in view of the youthfulness and inexperience of the prisoner that he go free after receiving censure from the court. My part came on Saturday morning, two days later.

I had dabbled somewhat in poetry since coming to college, having written some poems as compositions. For this occasion I prepared an epic of three hundred and twenty lines, descriptive of the weeping heavens and the shrouded earth, and the sun hiding his face in an eclipse, and other scenes and occurrences connected with the events above related, closing with a eulogy for the class of fifty-three. I read it as my regular composition before the professor and the class to the amusement of all. During these proceedings the freshman and his class took all in good part. The excitement subsided, and a reign of good feeling followed. This was near the end of July. In about two weeks the year closed.

X

LAST TWO YEARS IN COLLEGE

MY junior and senior years in college naturally go together, since I lost through sickness the latter part of the first and the first part of the other. My summer vacation of 1851 I spent at home; returning to Amherst on September eleventh, I entered upon my junior year. My prospects in every respect were much better than the year before. The college had given me the care of the chapel, which, with other work connected with the position, would yield me sixty dollars for the year. Besides this, I was to receive eighty dollars from the Education Society. I engaged board in a good family, by the name of Rankin, a mile south of the college, at one dollar and fifty cents a week. Thus I walked six miles daily for my meals. This, with my chapel duties, gave me abundant exercise. I had good health.

I entered upon my studies with renewed zeal, and enjoyed every one of them. Amherst at this time was quite in the lead of American colleges in teaching the sciences, especially in geology and zoology. Doctor Hitchcock gave us an extended course of lectures on anatomy, physiology, and hygiene in connection with a manikin. These were very helpful, and ever since have proved of great service to me.

On February 15, 1852, I celebrated my twenty-first birthday. It was one of the several halting-places in my life when I stopped to review the past, and to look seriously into the future. I was filled with gratitude and

wonder in view of God's dealings with me. I could see that I had been blessed in many ways.

My religion at that time was of the graver type. My thoughts ran into the severer channels of God's truth, and dwelt largely upon the terrors of the law. Two incidents occurred which illustrate this. One was the writing of a poem. I selected as my theme "The Drunkard's Doom," and described the dying drunkard entering the world of woe, meeting his doom, and resigning himself to his fate. This was afterward published in the "Christian Chronicle," Philadelphia. The other incident was my first sermon. I was not yet licensed to preach, but Rev. J. E. Rue, pastor of the Baptist church, Scotch Plains, New Jersey, had urged me to visit him and preach for him. Accordingly I prepared a discourse from Isaiah 33: 14: "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. . . Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" I preached it in the Scotch Plains Church on Sunday, April 25, 1852, and repeated it in the Northfield Baptist Church on Sunday, May sixteenth. I wrote, and committed it to memory. This was during the spring vacation.

Returning to Amherst for the summer, I was stricken with severe sickness and thereby lost about a half-year of my college course. Yet I look back upon this sickness as one of the most important events of my college life, in its influence on my mental and spiritual well-being.

Early in July I was laid aside for a few days with a slight attack of lung fever. As I did not recover so fast as my physician desired he prescribed a dose of calomel. In some way, perhaps owing to my rundown condition, I took cold, and the result was a very serious attack of congestion of the liver, threatening an abscess. Two physicians attended me, and for some days my life hung in a balance. I asked my physicians to tell me frankly

my condition. They told me that I might not live, but that they were doing all they could for me and hoped to save my life.

As soon as I was taken so seriously ill my class met and engaged a Mr. Haskell, the best nurse in town, agreeing to pay him, and also the expense of my journey home when able to undertake it. I was in my room in North College. A spring wagon with a soft bed upon it was sent, on which classmates tenderly placed me, and I was carefully borne to my boarding-place, the house of Mr. Rankin. Here in a few days the crisis of my disease was passed, and I began to show signs of improvement. But it was seven weeks before I could be up and around the house.

But God overruled this affliction for my good. I passed through a remarkable experience, the value of which cannot well be estimated. Temporal things seemed almost eclipsed by things eternal. I was deeply humbled and distrustful of myself, but fully reliant on Jesus Christ as my all-sufficient Saviour. The book of Ecclesiastes became my favorite. I have heard this book treated slightly, but no book in the Bible so fully suited my case and feelings. At my request the nurse, who was a Christian man, read from it frequently, and I did the same as soon as I was able. How deeply I realized that childhood and youth are vanity! How forcibly did the exhortation of the wise men to the young come home to my heart.

I was nine weeks at the home of Mr. Rankin. The doctors advised me to take a few months for recreation and rest. So on Monday, September twenty-seventh, though quite weak, I started for home. I went as far as Springfield and stopped over night. On Tuesday I went to New Haven and, after resting a few hours, I took the boat for New York, and got five hours' sleep. And

on Wednesday morning I arrived at my home in South Orange, New Jersey, very tired and exhausted.

I now began to improve rapidly. As health returned I found to my surprise a great mental development. My mind had gained greatly in strength and clearness of thought. Never had it acted so quickly, never was memory so strong. I seemed a new man in soul and body. The Gospel of Matthew became my favorite book of the Bible. A portion of my leisure time I spent in reading. Some of the works of Alexander Carson fell into my hands, and I was especially interested in his "Knowledge of Jesus," and his work on the "Principles of Biblical Interpretation." I also read with pleasure Dr. Thomas Reid's "Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principle of Common Sense."

I also visited friends in different places, attended religious meetings, and on several occasions spoke at considerable length. In November I cast my first vote, it being presidential election. I voted for General Scott. About the same time I attended for the first time the Anniversaries of the New Jersey Baptist State Convention and the New Jersey Baptist Education Society at Burlington, New Jersey, and met with many whom I greatly honored and afterward learned to love. At Northfield one Sunday morning I spoke on Christ weeping over Jerusalem. There had entered in my religious life a greater element of sympathy and Christian tenderness. In December I visited Plainfield, and spoke on a Sunday morning in the Second Baptist Church for the pastor, Rev. Daniel T. Hill. At his home I saw his little son of two years, David J., who has since become famous as college president at Bucknell and Rochester, and afterward Assistant Secretary of State and Ambassador to Germany. I visited my former pastor, Rev. J. W. Waterbury, at Elizabethtown, and on the evening of December

twenty-third I spoke in his church on the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." This was my first visit in Elizabeth and with the church where I was afterward to be nine years a pastor.

With the beginning of 1853 came the time for my return to college. I was anxious to continue and graduate with my class, both because of our pleasant relations and associations for the preceding three years, and also because of the sympathy and kindness I had received during my sickness. The college dealt very gently with me, excusing me from the examinations of the last term, junior year, and from the studies of the first term of senior year. I returned to Amherst January fourth, and entered earnestly on my work. I greatly enjoyed all of my studies, and made up the mental philosophy of the first term. Butler's Analogy I knew almost by heart. Geology, political economy, and elements of criticism were of great interest. I remember an incident which shows the trend of my mind at that time. The professor of rhetoric, Rev. Aaron Warner, requested members of our class to prepare reviews of books, to be presented to him and read before the class. I prepared one on Ernesti's theological work, "Principles of Interpretation." The professor both approved and criticized, remarking that such subjects befitted the theological seminary better than the college.

During the spring vacation I visited Boston and Newton Theological Seminary, where I was inclined to take my theological course. Among the students I met was George Dana Boardman, who impressed me as a genial and talented young man. I visited the several classes, attending recitations and lectures under the different professors. I was especially impressed with Dr. H. B. Hackett. I can never forget his keen eye—it was in itself an arousing force. He had great magnetic power

over his pupils, who were ever kept on the alert by his quick mind. His questions, often in rapid succession, stimulated the most careful preparation. His clear explanations charmed his hearers. He seemed like a mighty propelling force behind his students.

The twelfth of May found me at Amherst beginning the summer term of senior year. The seven weeks of advance work, reviews, and examinations soon passed, and then came the six weeks' senior vacation before commencement. On Saturday, June twenty-fifth, we held our last college prayer-meeting. Most of the class were present—a few were necessarily absent. It was a season never to be forgotten. There were mutual expressions of good-will and affection. If anything had occurred unpleasant, it was forgiven and buried forever. We thanked God for life and health, and commended each other to our heavenly Father's care. Not one of the class had died, and though some had fallen out by the way, forty-two remained to graduate.

The spirit of that meeting has ever since pervaded the class. Our ties of friendship have been strong and enduring. Eleven reunions have been held, at each of which the class has been largely represented by its members. They have been seasons for renewing our youth and helping one another. A fund of one thousand, five hundred dollars has been raised as a class scholarship. It has been our good fortune to have two of our class residing at Amherst, Prof. E. P. Crowell, D. D., and Edwin Nelson, who have done much to make our class gatherings successful. Four weeks of the senior vacation I spent in Clinton County, New York, as a Sunday-school missionary of the American Sunday School Union. Mr. James Buckland, of St. Louis, was a fellow missionary who went into the northern part of the same county.

My work kept me very busy, and the weeks passed

quickly and very pleasantly. I traveled about two hundred miles, made nine addresses, and organized four schools, besides visiting several schools already organized, sold eight libraries consisting in all of seven hundred and eighty-three volumes, and donated ten dollars' worth of books to needy schools. I recall an interesting incident connected with my Sunday-school work. One of the first schools I visited was at Cumberland Head, where Mr. T. B. Chamberlain was superintendent. I spent a day in visiting the families of the district, and held a meeting at night, making an address. Twelve dollars and seventy cents was raised, and a library of one hundred and twelve volumes sold. Three weeks later I called on Mr. Chamberlain, who told me that my visit had been greatly blessed to the school, which had largely increased in numbers and interest. At the end of four weeks Mr. Buckland and I met, by previous arrangement at Plattsburg, where we took boat and enjoyed a very delightful sail down the lake to Whitehall. There we took cars for Rutland, and from thence returned the same way we came, arriving at Amherst August fourth.

The most stirring event of our closing college life was Senior Class Day. A large audience attended the afternoon exercises in the chapel. An oration was delivered by Mr. Joshua N. Marshall on the "Elements of True Distinction." Mr. Marshall had a fine presence, a full, deep, charming voice, and stood at the head of our class as an orator. His oration foretold the eminence he afterward attained in Church and State as a Christian lawyer. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1863-1864, and of the State Senate from 1867 to 1869. For nine years he was a faithful and valuable member of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. He was also a member and secretary of the

Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary, and rendered most valuable service in guiding the seminary through a most serious trial of its history. He died at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he had spent his public life, March 2, 1895. "The memory of the just is blessed."

It fell to my lot to be class poet. My theme was "College Heroes." The poem consisted of four hundred and fifty lines, and was descriptive of various characters in college life. In closing, I said:

Work on, brave heroes, we wish you Godspeed,
 Ennoble your work and nobly succeed!
 Pass on to new scenes, new laurels attain,
 New conflicts begin, new victories gain;
 Nor faint by the way, though scorched by the sun,
 Nor grieve at a course so nobly begun;
 Nor linger to rest, nor slacken your pace,
 Nor vaunt on the prize ere ending your race.

Take courage, brave heroes, where'er you roam,
 Delight to honor your old classic home;
 Be ready to answer your country's demand,
 And honor forever our dear native land;
 Confine not your love so kindly unfurled,
 Do good to all men and honor the world.

When life is fleeting and hastens to fade,
 Its labors quite o'er, its light and its shade,
 May beams celestial enlighten its verge,
 And guide you safely to bliss o'er the surge!
 And there shall you live in ne'er-ending rest,
 No fear to disturb you—pure, active, and blest—
 In life immortal, divinely given,
 Now heroes of earth, then heroes of heaven.

I have been asked frequently by college friends why I have not continued to write in verse. My uniform reply has been: "I have found so much prose in life

that I have had no time to write poetry." Still, in my student days, there flitted through my brain the thought that when the toils of life were mostly over I would leave some poem which would become immortal. But it was all a dream.

On Thursday, August 11, 1853, we graduated. It was a hot summer day, the sky serene and almost cloudless. As I viewed the heavens with a tinge of sadness I said, "So may life end in a clear and peaceful horizon." The salutatory was given by my lifelong friend, Prof. Edward P. Crowell, D. D., and the valedictory by Prof. Richard S. Storrs. Both of these were brilliant students, and as far as I recall always made what were regarded perfect recitations. There were other fine students in our class. Indeed, I think the class as a whole stood in scholarship above the average in those days. After the commencement exercises we gathered and sat together as a class at the alumni dinner. After dinner we shook hands and parted, never all to meet again in this world. College classmates and college days, farewell! Many times we have returned as a class, but always a number has been absent.

The question arises, What profit did you get from your college course? In reply I would say: First, I gained a conception of the vastness of the field of knowledge and its many branches which I might investigate through time and eternity. Just before my graduation I wrote: "I am astonished how little I know, and how much there is yet to be known. I stand, as it were, at a point of light from which spring beams in every direction, extending through the range of my vision into illimitable space beyond."

Secondly, I learned how to study, how to fix my attention on a single point, how to apply my mind to a given subject, how to control my thoughts in investigating and

coming to a conclusion. I remember that soon afterward at the Rochester Theological Seminary I roomed near the railroad roundhouse and machine shop, where there was a constant noise of trains, whistles, and hammering of boilers, but I could become so absorbed in study as not to be in the least disturbed. The playing of children would not affect me; and, in preaching, worrying babies would not annoy me.

Thirdly, I laid the foundation of future work and started many lines of study which I could afterward pursue. This was particularly true of philological and theological studies, also of the sciences. The large and valuable library of Neander had been purchased and brought to the seminary building at Rochester. There were many volumes in Latin and Greek, which my knowledge of these languages enabled me to consult to advantage. I also had sufficient German to do a little with some valuable German works. All my previous training was brought into requisition in the theological seminary. Indeed, the foundation of my life-studies and work may be traced very largely to my college course.

But my college course was not what it might have been, if I had had more financial means and better health. In teaching school, work, and sickness I lost, altogether, almost a year. My expenses during the four years, not including the bills for nurse and physicians during my long sickness, amounted to five hundred and twenty dollars. I believe I acquired a certain discipline and self-dependence, a certain push and power of overcoming difficulties, by working my way so largely. But if I had received help from friends from the beginning of my course, I could often have done better work, and taken better care of my health, and probably avoided much sickness. As it was, I feel very grateful to God who overruled all for my spiritual good.

XI

FIRST YEAR IN THE ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

AFTER graduating from college two questions confronted me. Shall I teach a year? Where shall I take my theological course? As to teaching, it seemed necessary, though I preferred to continue my studies if possible. But I was a little in debt, and needed clothing and some money to start with. Rev. H. C. Fish, my pastor, and the leading brethren of the church at Newark encouraged me to go to the seminary at once. They accompanied their words with deeds, for one Sunday after morning service, Mr. Daniel M. Wilson, the leading financial man of the church, handed me eighty dollars from several brethren. This was all sufficient and settled the question.

As to which theological seminary I should attend, my New England training and my recent visit to Newton, Massachusetts, inclined me thither. But my church and pastor at Newark strongly favored Rochester, New York. They were in close sympathy with New York Baptists and with the Rochester movement, and regarded themselves as in the region naturally belonging to Rochester. They thought the education received there would best unite the thorough and the practical, and best meet the wants of the times. Mr. Fish too had been the leader in organizing the German Department of the Rochester Theological Seminary the year before, and thereby his interest in the seminary had been increased. In view of the desire and opinion of those who were doing so much for me I yielded my preferences, and

decided for Rochester. Many years have passed since then, and I have never regretted my decision.

My last Sunday home before leaving for Rochester was September eleventh. I attended the morning service of the First Baptist Church, Newark. Mr. Fish preached, and after the service he invited me to go home with him and dine. There I met his sister, Susan C. Fish, a teacher, who had returned to her school, having spent her vacation at her home in Halifax, Vermont. Little did I think that she was to be my wife and my most important helper in life. Yet there was something about her that especially impressed me, and as I bade her adieu I felt a regret that I had no greater opportunity of making her acquaintance. Future events were beginning to cast their shadows before.

In the afternoon of my arrival at Rochester I called upon Prof. T. J. Conant, who was then the head of the seminary. I handed to him my diploma of graduation, certificate of church-membership, and letter from the church approving of my studying for the ministry. He told me that these were sufficient for admittance into the seminary. He entered into conversation with me, and made me feel perfectly at home. His kindness and personal interest, like that of a father for a son, greatly impressed and inspired me. He introduced me to his accomplished wife and their children.

There was a delightful commingling of the family and scholarly atmosphere, of culture, refinement, and affection. Doctor Conant had a charming home life, as I afterward knew it, attractive not only by the harmonious arrangements of his family, but also by the rare accomplishments of his wife, Mrs. Hannah C. Conant. She was proficient in several of the modern languages, especially in German, and knew enough of the ancient languages to be helpful to her husband in tracing references

and preparing copy for the press. It was a beautiful sight to see them both working at their different tasks at the same table. Thus they prosecuted their labors together for thirty-six years, till she passed away in 1865.

The university and the seminary were entering upon the fourth year of their existence. Neither owned buildings. They were separate organizations, but both were housed in a large, old stone building on West Main Street, formerly the United States Hotel. It had been leased and fitted up as a lecture-hall with chapel, recitation-rooms, library, and dormitories. Martin B. Anderson came this year as president of the university, and Ezekiel G. Robinson had come a few months before as professor of Biblical and Pastoral Theology. Both were men of mark, of wonderful intellectual ability—mental giants in their generation. Rev. V. R. Hotchkiss, while still continuing as pastor at Buffalo, New York, filled the professorship of Ecclesiastical History. He was a rare example of erudition in the pastorate.

The seminary was fortunate in its library. It had secured the library of Dr. Augustus Neander, four thousand, six hundred volumes, consisting largely of the original sources and materials in the field to which his life was devoted. This was supplemented with many of the choicest works of modern authors in the same field; and also with the best fruits of modern evangelical learning in the department of Biblical exegesis and theology.

On Thursday, September 15, 1853, we met Doctor Conant for the first time in his lecture-room, and entered upon the study of Hebrew and New Testament Greek. Eminent as a Greek scholar, he excelled in Oriental Philology and Hebrew. He was fifty years of age, and had the reputation of standing foremost among Hebrew scholars in America. He was a model of German thoroughness and learning.

I had a great desire to study Hebrew, and at the same time a great dread. Ministers had warned me of its difficulties. To my surprise, I found the Hebrew the easiest language I had ever studied. I fell in love with it, and as I proceeded I became enthusiastic. I endeavored to master every step as I went along, and so difficulties vanished. New and clearer views of the language were ever presenting themselves, thus keeping up and increasing my interest. In reading I began to gather a vocabulary. Every word of the first three chapters of Genesis was stored in memory. Then came the book of Ruth, the prophecies of Joel and Nahum, and other portions of the Hebrew Scriptures. In literature the book of Job and the Canticles seemed to surpass anything I had ever studied. To spend my life upon the language and literature would have been my delight. It seemed to me then, as it still does, that the study of Hebrew is not sufficiently valued as a means of culture and mental discipline. Its imagery is unsurpassed; it is fitted to express the sublime, to utter massive ideas. In this respect it goes well with the Greek, which is suited to the finest shades of thought.

Doubtless my studies and discipline in Latin and Greek did much to prepare me for the study of Hebrew. But the results were largely due to Doctor Conant himself. He was a remarkable teacher, and possessed great attractive power. I was given somewhat to independent investigations, and sometimes had given offense to my instructors in differing from them in my conclusions. But Doctor Conant had such a thoroughness and extensiveness of knowledge that he gained my full confidence. Calm and full of his subject, he impressed us with his reserve power. How he opened the fields of research, and how inviting he made them appear! As a result there were no idlers in his class; all were drawn on to do their utmost.

Running parallel with our studies in Hebrew were the instructions in New Testament Greek. I had read much in the Greek Testament in a cursory way. I had used the received text and really knew no other. But when Doctor Conant put us upon the critical Greek text and introduced us to the origin and character of New Testament Greek, and showed the use of the several elements in its structure for determining the meaning of words and phrases, we seemed to enter upon a new world. He had a most happy way of illustrating any particular usage by some striking example, which we would never forget.

A weekly exercise in Greek or Hebrew exegesis was a marked feature in Doctor Conant's instructions. Some special passage of Scripture would be selected for examination a week in advance. It gave an opportunity of doing the practical work of the exegete. Hours were generally spent in preparation for this exercise, and when it came, it was a time for earnest discussion. Nowhere did his pupils learn so much in the use of philological and exegetical weapons. For every statement made or point taken there must be a reason, and none but apparently good reasons were accepted. Each was put on his own mettle and each would do his best. Doctor Conant guided the exercise, throwing in an occasional question or remark, and all awaited eagerly his summing up at its close. He never appeared better than on such occasions. He bristled with facts and authorities. The different phases of the subject, and the ancient and modern views and discussions were at his tongue's end, with well-digested estimates and conclusions.

His lectures and studies in sacred literature and in textual criticism aroused great interest. Long to be remembered were the monthly meetings at his house for the examination of ancient versions and manuscripts. As he was then engaged in the work of revising the English

Scriptures for the American Bible Union he had unusual facilities in the use of their valuable library. He introduced us into practical textual work. No wonder that we were devoted to him as a teacher.

Thus passed the first year of my theological course with occasional exercises in the preparation of sermons under Doctor Robinson, and some preliminary lectures by Doctor Hotchkiss in Ecclesiastical History. The year was very full of work and a very profitable one.

On Sundays I attended the First Baptist Church, of which Rev. Justin A. Smith was pastor. But in October he resigned to become editor of "The Standard" in Chicago. The pulpit was then supplied by President Martin B. Anderson and Prof. E. G. Robinson, both men of wonderful ability. The soul-stirring eloquence of Doctor Anderson I have never seen surpassed. Doctor Robinson was a model extemporaneous speaker. On Sunday evenings during the winter he gave a very able series of discourses on "Modern Skepticism." To have heard these two men was an important factor in our ministerial education.

Sunday afternoons I often went to a mission school in the outskirts of the city. Once a month I supplied some church without a pastor. During the recess between the winter holidays I visited Conesus, some thirty miles south of Rochester, where my uncle, Lewis Clark, and cousins, John Magee and Mr. Henry, resided. While there I preached at the Baptist church at South Livonia, Rev. Mr. Livermore, pastor, and at the Methodist church in Conesus. This and other visits afterward to my relatives in Conesus are full of pleasant memories.

My first year in Rochester Theological Seminary closed with the second week in July, 1854. I returned to South Orange, New Jersey, via Conesus, New York, where I made a short visit with my uncle and cousins. My vaca-

tion was largely divided between South Orange and Newark.

For three years I had occasionally preached, though without license, but with the approval of brethren and from convictions of duty. My pastor, Rev. H. C. Fish, and the First Baptist Church of Newark, thought it best to defer giving a formal license till the candidate was nearing the end of his preparatory studies. Accordingly, I was now asked to preach before the church. This I did twice: First, on Monday evening, July twenty-fifth, from 1 Peter 2:7, "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious"; secondly, on Tuesday evening, August fifteenth, from Colossians 1:28: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." The next evening the church voted me a license to preach.

About the first of August, Rev. D. T. Morrell, the missionary at the Fifth Ward Baptist Mission was taken sick, and on the first Sunday of the month I preached for him in the afternoon and evening. The Baptist City Mission Board engaged me to supply his place during my vacation. My labors were very pleasant and profitable. I formed some lasting friendships, and I have ever since felt a deep interest in the Fifth Baptist Church, which grew out of this mission. On the third of September I preached for the first time from the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, from John 9:4: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day." It was Sunday morning in the old church on Academy Street, before an audience of eight hundred people.

Early in the vacation I again met Miss Susan C. Fish, just before she left for a visit to her home in Halifax, Vermont. At her request I taught her Sunday-school class several Sundays. I found that she was a faithful

teacher and an earnest Christian worker, greatly beloved by her scholars and successful in leading them to Christ. After her return to Newark I visited the school where she was lady principal, and also called upon her at her boarding-place. A better acquaintance resulted, which afterward through correspondence ripened into more than friendship. On the sixth of September I went to Westfield to visit my grandmother, Phebe Baber Clark. I found her living on the borderland of heaven; and, indeed, she passed over into the better country on the twenty-ninth of the following June, aged ninety-five years, leaving the memories of a godly life as a rich heritage to her descendants.

XII

LAST YEAR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE theological course at that time lasted only two years, so in my second year at the seminary my time was very fully occupied. Special attention was given to those things which were most essential and fundamental. Exercises in reading and exegesis of the Hebrew in the Old Testament and of the Greek in the New, were continued under Doctor Conant. Doctor Hotchkiss lectured on church history and pastoral theology, on expository preaching, pastoral visiting, and systematic study after entering upon the active work of the ministry. He was himself a model in these respects, a rare example of erudition in the ministry.

But the principal and most engrossing study of the year was Christian Theology, under Prof. Ezekiel G. Robinson. Doctor Robinson was a remarkable teacher. He had great power in arousing the dull student, in drawing out the latent energies of the modest, quiet student, setting his pupils to thinking, and arousing the enthusiasm of all to do their utmost. It was the second year of his instructions in the seminary. He was working toward a system of theology.

Side by side with his students he was an inquirer. In his Autobiography (p. 51), he says: "There was no text-book that I could conscientiously use. My own views were uncertain, and in no sense constituted a system. . . Reading day and night as rapidly and widely as I could, I wrote only such brief propositions as I could venture to dictate to the class, often rushing from

my desk to the classroom before the ink of the last sentence had become fairly dry. Around these propositions we indulged in ample discussions; but I was as much an inquirer as any of my students." This very condition gave a freshness to his teaching. There was a great awakening of mind from the freedom of discussion, and the arousing of interest which in many cases was to continue through life.

Doctor Robinson also gave one day each week to the instruction of the class in the preparation and delivery of sermons. He was himself a magnificent example of extemporaneous speaking, and this illustrated and enforced his suggestions. On every student under him he left his impress. For years I could tell on hearing a young minister preach whether he had studied under Doctor Robinson.

During the first part of this year I taught under the direction of Doctor Conant any who might need tutoring in Hebrew. I went out occasionally to preach, but at no time and in no way to interfere with my studies.

My roommate this year was John Buttrick Jones, son of Rev. Evan Jones, the distinguished missionary among the Cherokee Indians for fifty years. John B. Jones was born on the mission field in 1824, and learned the Cherokee language as his vernacular, and when he became a missionary among the Cherokees in 1855 he was the first white missionary who could preach to them without an interpreter. He was the most correct and intelligent speaker of the language then living. He edited "The Cherokee Messenger," and did much in the translation of portions of the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and sermons. Besides this, he rode in all parts of the nation and preached in churches, houses, and the open field. In July, 1861, he visited me at Elizabeth, and gave an interesting account of his mission. He had

been driven out by the United States agent, who was from the State of Georgia, and zealous for the South. Mr. Jones afterward returned to the Cherokee Nation, and continued to labor as chaplain of Indian soldiery, as Indian agent, and preacher till 1875, when he went to Denver, Colorado, for his health. There on the morning of June 13, 1876, as the first rays of the sun touched his window he exclaimed, "Oh, how glorious!" and died. To the two Joneses, father and son, more than to the rest of the world besides, the Cherokees doubtless owe their Christianity and civilization.

The spring vacation of 1855 I spent in New Jersey. I preached, two Sundays, at the Baptist church at Livingston, a little settlement about eight miles northwest of Newark, over the second mountain. The Baptist church was the only one there, and a few years before had come out of the Northfield Church, a mile and a half distant. I was acquainted with the people of the vicinity, and they had known me from a boy. I received a call to become their pastor when I had completed my studies. I felt inclined to accept, and kept it under consideration for four months. After my graduation at Rochester there seemed to be a better opening at New Market, New Jersey, and I declined the call. I have always felt that I did wrong in giving the church so much encouragement, and have greatly regretted it. Preachers and churches should be careful and conscientious in arranging and adjusting their pastoral relations. The system of candidating is bad enough at the best, but its evils are often increased by worldly method, a flirting spirit, or a want of frankness by one or by both parties.

But the matter of greatest personal interest to me during this vacation was my engagement to Miss Susan C. Fish. During the year and a half previous I had met her three or four times with increasing favorable impressions,

and for six months our acquaintance had increased through correspondence. Early in this vacation on the evening of April third we became engaged to be married after the completion of my seminary course, to be ever faithful, kind, and loving to each other, and workers together for the Lord. In after years we looked back upon our inexperience, and expressed surprise upon an engagement upon so short an acquaintance. But I had not given much attention to such matters. I looked upon them philosophically and as a Christian. I did not believe in long courtships, nor in freaks of love. I had been too busy in work and study to give much time or thought to such matters, and had felt that when the proper time came the Lord would direct and provide.

There were three things that I wished in one who was to be my companion and helper for life: that she should be younger than myself, in good health, and a devoted and efficient Christian worker in the Baptist denomination. I found all these qualifications and more in Miss Fish. She supplemented certain deficiencies in myself. What she saw in me I cannot say. She had had good opportunities for marriage. A merchant and a physician had sought her hand. But she felt that she would prefer some relation where she could use her powers more actively and directly for Christ. Doubtless she thought that as a wife of a Christian minister she could find a sphere of usefulness which she desired. While therefore we always advised against quick engagements, and people often advise against that which they do themselves, we felt that ours was ordered of the Lord, and a service together of a long life in the Lord's work has confirmed us in this opinion.

After three weeks' vacation I was back again on duty at Rochester. The last term of the year was a very busy one. There was advance work, then reviewing, the bring-

ing up of the odds and ends of the course, and preparing for graduation. As a commencement address I was assigned an exegetical essay on "Who speaks in Romans 7: 14-25?" I gave the theme extended study. Professor Conant and Prof. A. C. Kendrick held different and somewhat opposing views on this passage. I consulted them both, and carefully weighed the arguments of each, and examined the authorities that each gave me. I came to the conclusion that Paul spoke largely from his own experience and as a Christian. I prepared my essay accordingly, and gave it in the First Baptist Church of Rochester on Tuesday, July tenth, the day of my graduation. It was substantially the view that is taken in my Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and portions of it there appear. There were seventeen graduates, twelve of whom made addresses. Prof. V. R. Hotchkiss gave excellent parting words to the class.

As I look back upon my theological course I regard it as the most important part of my preparatory studies for the ministry. I entered upon it better prepared and with better advantages than I had enjoyed in either my academic or my college studies. I had also learned better how to study, and could take hold of subjects with a maturer and better disciplined mind. My life-work was becoming to me more of a reality. I was beginning to see the hidden treasures to be found in the original Scriptures. I was brought into touch with the theological spirit of the age, and got a clearer view of Bible thought and doctrine.

I found my knowledge of the English Bible of great advantage. After one of our class discussions one of my classmates asked me how I came to know so much of the Old Testament. I was surprised, and did not feel that I knew much. But I replied: "My mother in my childhood made me familiar with the Bible narratives,

and ever since I was eight years old I have been accustomed to read the Bible daily in course." I found some theological students who had never read the Bible through. It would have been of great practical advantage to us all to have had a year longer in the seminary and to have devoted considerable time, under such a Bible student and pastor as Doctor Hotchkiss, to the English Bible and to practical questions pertaining to ministerial, pastoral, and church work, to soul-saving, training of converts, and building up the Christian life.

It was while I was in the seminary that I conceived the thought of writing a commentary on the Bible. At first it was much like a dream, but it grew upon me until it became a conviction and a reality. I found families very generally without Bible helps. Occasionally I would find the commentaries of John Gill or of Thomas Scott. In the libraries of ministers, I generally found Barnes' Notes, sometimes Ripley's Notes, the "Comprehensive Commentary," and some of the older commentaries. I felt that there was a need for a commentary on the critical text of the original, popular in form without display of learning, in language that could be understood by all and suited for the family, for the Sunday-school, and for many preachers. I repeatedly spoke to pastors and others of the necessity of such a commentary, and the remark was often made that Baptists ought to have such a work. I felt that I must undertake it. I did not feel myself fitted or prepared to do it. I told no one of my convictions, and I do not know that any one thought of my engaging in such a work. But it was on my heart and often in my prayers. It seemed that God was calling me to it.

I resolved to continue my studies, after leaving the seminary, in Hebrew and Greek and in the critical study of the Bible, and thus endeavor to prepare myself for

the exposition of the Scriptures. At that time I had no idea of doing less than commenting on the whole Bible if the Lord spared my life. Henry, Scott, and Adam Clarke had done it, and why might not I? Little did I realize the greatness of the work, and the changed conditions of the present day from those of former times, when there were fewer authorities to consult and fewer critical tools to use. Nor did I realize how great an age of Bible scholarship I was entering upon, and how much time and work would be necessary to keep abreast of the advance in the various lines of Bible study. Doubtless it was best that I was ignorant of the greatness of the work and of the difficulties to be overcome in so great an undertaking.

XIII

FINDING A PASTORATE AND MARRIAGE

UPON closing my seminary course, the question of a field for ministerial labor confronted me. Already a small country church at Livingston, New Jersey, had called me to become its pastor. A larger church with a thousand dollars salary in a growing town in New York State was open to me. Between these it did not take me long to decide. I strongly inclined to some field of labor in New Jersey, my native State. A small church too would give me more time for study. Besides, the day had not yet come for young men just from the seminary to seek large churches and influential positions. We had been taught, especially by Doctor Hotchkiss, to seek mission fields or small churches, to leave the larger ones to older and more experienced brethren, to take the lower round of the ladder and gradually ascend higher.

Just at this time I received an invitation to visit New Market, New Jersey, with the view of the pastorate there. New Market was a village of about a hundred inhabitants surrounded by a beautiful farming country. The Baptist church, a vigorous child of the Samptown Church, had been three years before organized with fifty members. A year later Rev. Wm. D. Hires, of Samptown, had become the pastor; and during his two years' ministry a house of worship, costing five thousand dollars, had been erected, and the membership of the church more than doubled. There was a Seventh-Day Baptist Church of about the same membership with a meeting-house just outside of the village. In the spring of this

year, 1855, Mr. Hires resigned to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church at Freehold.

On Thursday, July twelfth, I bade adieu to friends at Rochester, and arrived at my home in South Orange, New Jersey, the next day. There I passed the night, and on Saturday I went to New Market, where I preached on Sunday, July fifteenth, in the forenoon and the afternoon. By invitation of the committee of the church, I continued to supply the pulpit for a month. On the sixth of August I received a call to become the pastor of the church at the salary of five hundred dollars and a donation visit.

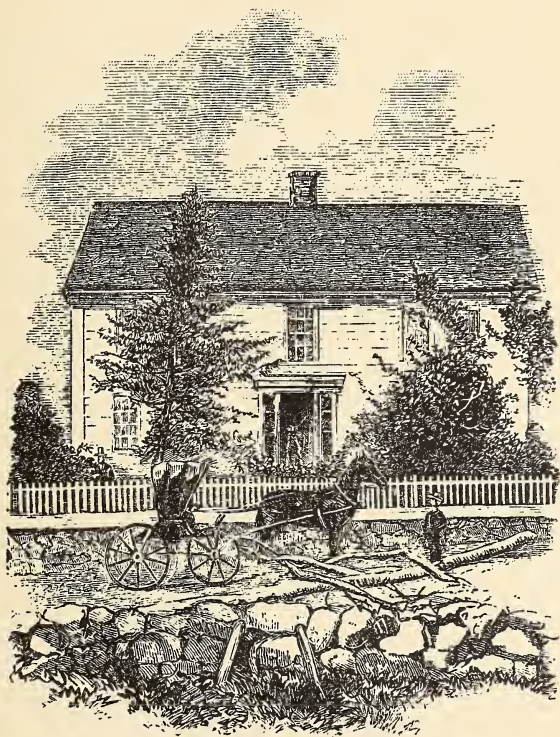
Two things largely influenced the church to extend this call. The first was my half-hour sermons. A strong preacher had visited the church just before me, and had given very able sermons an hour long. Had he cut his discourses in two he would probably have received a call. The second thing was a funeral sermon I was unexpectedly called on the morning of July twenty-eighth to preach in the afternoon. Much interest, some anxiety, and sympathy was felt and expressed as I had never conducted such a service. But I was somewhat prepared. A year before this an experienced pastor advised me to prepare two or three funeral sermons, so as to have them in readiness for unexpected calls. I had followed his advice, and had made quite a full outline on 1 Peter 1:24, 25, which I used on this occasion. A large congregation assembled, and the Lord helped me. This sermon, I was told, decided the minds of some of the hesitating ones to give me a call. In a church meeting, a few days later, a brother said that he was in favor of the young man who knew enough to stop when he got through. The call was unanimous.

This seemed to me to be of the Lord. I returned home, and wrote to the Livingston Church, explaining

the circumstances, stating my convictions, and declining their call. I then accepted the call of the New Market Church, to begin the middle of September.

Having found a field of labor, it seemed best to be married before beginning my pastorate, and I returned to my home in South Orange to prepare for that great event of my life. After two weeks I started for Halifax, Vermont, going to New York, thence by the night boat to Troy, then by cars to Bennington. There I took the stage over the Green Mountains to Wilmington. This was Thursday, August twenty-third. I recall how for several hours we slowly wended our way to the top of the mountain, and then in an hour we made a rapid descent. As the stageman drove his horses at high speed I was amazed, as I had always been taught to drive slowly down-hill. We swiftly turned corners and came close to precipices, down which we could look many feet into chasms below. To pitch over these might be instant death. I was far from being comfortable. I remonstrated to my fellow passengers. They told me the stage-driver was an expert and to be trusted. Many years after I learned among the hilly portions of New Jersey that a horse can be trained to run down-hill. We arrived safely at Wilmington. There I was met by Mr. Perry O. Niles, a future brother-in-law, who took me in his buggy to his home eight miles to the southeast. Miss Fish, my coming bride, was there to welcome me. We had passed through a shower of about ten minutes. How she had laughed as she saw the dark cloud and rain, and thought of my new experience with one of the sudden August showers among the Vermont hills. But umbrellas protected us, and we had but little discomfort. Mrs. Louiza Niles, one of the best women, gave me hearty greeting and welcome, and the children gathered round to scan their future uncle.

The next day Mr. Niles took Miss Fish and myself to the home of my future father-in-law, Elder Samuel Fish. This was over two miles distant, much of the way up-hill and the ascent in some places very steep.



HOME OF REV. SAMUEL FISH

Halifax, the center of the town, consisted of a Baptist church, a schoolhouse, a deserted Congregational church, a store, and a few dwelling-houses. It was said to be over one thousand, nine hundred feet above sea-level. Five roads centered here, and just up the east road,

a little ascending, stood the house of Elder Fish. From it one of the finest views westward that ever greets the eye could be seen. The Green Mountains, the adjacent hills and valleys, presented a panorama which my eye never tired in beholding. Here I remained for two weeks.

Mr. Fish was pastor of the Baptist church, a man of strong convictions, deep piety, fervent in prayer, earnest and evangelistic in preaching. It was his native town, and for over forty years he had been preaching, and for thirty-five years as pastor. He was descended from the early settlers of New England. His father came with his young wife from Groton, Connecticut, about 1781, seeking a new home in the wilds of Vermont, and settled in the eastern part of the town of Halifax, and there built a log cabin. Mrs. Fish was a true pastor's wife full of Christian sympathy, and a helper in every good work. An older sister, Survier Packer, had been the first wife of Mr. Fish, but after four years of married life, had died leaving a son and daughter. The present wife was Bersheba Packer, who had been married to Mr. Fish thirty-nine years, and had given birth to eight sons and four daughters, nine of whom were then living. Mr. Fish was a farmer as well as a preacher. At no time had he received more than four hundred dollars salary a year. But with great frugality and industry and prudence had he and his wife reared their large family of children. Some of the Packer family, who had settled in Groton, Connecticut about 1651, had emigrated to Vermont and settled in Guilford, the next town north-east of Halifax, about 1762. From this Packer family have descended many who have been prominent in ministerial and business circles.

The next day after arrival I had my first conversation with Elder Fish. With him religion was the first thing.

So he related to me his religious experience, and he wished to know mine. He told me how, when a young man, he danced and played cards, but in his nineteenth year he was deeply convicted of his sins in a great revival of religion in connection with the Baptist church in Guilford, which held its meetings in the schoolhouse in the Packer neighborhood. His father belonged there, and it was about six miles from his house. Many of the young were converted, and the Spirit wrought powerfully upon his soul. He struggled in agony against the claims of God until he resolved, saved or lost, to obey God. Then all his fears ceased, and calm peace flowed into his soul. The next thing was to be baptized and join the church, for he had promised to obey God. From that time he began to speak and pray in the schoolhouse meetings. His brethren thought he was called to preach, but while he often explained some portion of Scripture, he shrank from taking a text. The Spirit so impressed him that he must speak. Yet it was not till five years after his conversion that he ventured to take a text. This was in 1813, in a schoolhouse on Green River, in Guilford. This experience deeply impressed me that Elder Fish was truly a man of God. I briefly related my own conversion and call to preach the gospel. But how small and tame did my experience seem in comparison with the one which I had just heard!

On Thursday, the sixth of September, 1855, at eleven in the morning, I was married in this home to Miss Susan Caroline Fish by Rev. J. C. Foster, of Brattleboro, Father Fish assisting. A large number of relatives and friends was present. At half past twelve o'clock my wife and I started for New Jersey by way of Brattleboro, where we stopped over night, and we arrived at our home in South Orange, New Jersey, on Saturday, September the eighth. Miss Fish was born May 31, 1833,

and was then twenty-two years old. I was twenty-four. She inherited a good constitution, a healthy body, and a sound mind. In the midst of her mother's busy household and her father's farming and preaching, she was reared with much work and little play. From her earliest remembrance life was real, and was lived in earnest. She sometimes remarked that she had had no childhood. She knew but little of the mirth and play of other children, but early learned much of the practical duties of life.

She was quick to learn. There was a good school at the center of the town, a quarter of a mile away, and a select school during the autumn of each year, taught often by a college graduate. Her father took a great interest in these schools, and she made the most of their advantages. Afterward she attended a spring term at West Brattleboro in a school taught by Rev. R. Harris, and two spring terms at the academy of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. Thus she laid a good foundation in English, and made considerable progress in Latin and French, and in some of the higher English branches. At the age of sixteen she began to teach a district school in her own town. She showed an aptness to teach, and for four years she taught summer and winter schools in the towns of Halifax and Guilford. Then she taught three years in Newark, New Jersey, the last year being lady principal of one of the public schools. She loved her work and was beloved by her pupils, and she could cheerfully have made teaching her life-work had Providence so directed.

She possessed a strong and well-developed religious nature. Honesty, truthfulness, love of the right and hatred of the wrong were prominent elements in her character. Conscience played a ruling part in her life. She was early the subject of deep religious convictions. Conscious that she was a sinner and had need of a

Saviour, she sought Christ and his salvation in her childhood. During a great revival in connection with her father's labors in 1842-1843, she had deep religious experiences, but it was not till she was sixteen years of age that she was baptized by her father, on a profession of her faith in Jesus as her Saviour, and united with the church.

She early became interested in foreign missions, through the reading of the "Memoir" of Ann H. Judson and other missionary literature. She fondly hoped that she might be a missionary some day. While teaching at Newark, New Jersey, she had an opportunity of entering the Grande Ligne Mission as a teacher, but it did not seem to be best at that time. Her interest in missions never left her, and she has never ceased to pray and labor for them. Her consistent Christian life, her faithful and personal work for Christ, her ability as a teacher and a leader, her humility and self-forgetfulness, and her love and interest in everything pertaining to church work and mission work, made her the best of pastor's wives.

XIV

FIRST PASTORATE. 1855-1859. NEW MARKET

A NEW life seemed before me. The anticipations of years were beginning to be realized. On Wednesday, September 12, 1855, Mrs. Clark and I came to New Market and began to board with the family of Mr. Ephraim J. Runyan, the leading deacon of the church, and superintendent of the Sunday-school. On Sunday, September sixteenth, I preached my first sermon as pastor from 2 Corinthians 12:14: "I seek not yours, but you." It seemed to me that I was entering on a work from which an angel might shrink. Eternity and the worth of immortal souls rose vividly before me. The pastor should live in constant touch with each of these. "As against his study door he should hear the surges of eternity, hour by hour, breaking in their awful and incessant roar." I determined to labor as if I expected to spend my life with this people.

I found my congregation to consist of twenty families in the village and twenty-four families, mostly farmers, outside of the village. Six of these families were connected with other denominations, but took sittings in our church and attended most of our services. Besides these there were a number of families both in the village and among the farmers who scarcely ever attended religious meetings of any kind. My first work was to get acquainted with every man, woman, and child of my congregation. My wife was of great assistance in this. Every one gave us welcome. But many of the children would get out of the way when they saw the

82

pastor approaching. But they soon found that we loved children, and it was not long before they too welcomed our coming.

The first thing of public interest was my ordination to the gospel ministry as pastor of the New Market Baptist Church. This took place on the third of October, when a council convened, and after the usual examination and approval, proceeded to ordination. Rev. C. C. William, of Plainfield, read the Scriptures; Rev. William B. Tolan, of Rahway, prayed; Rev. George Kempton, of New Brunswick, preached from Ephesians 3:8, "The Wealth of Christ"; Rev. S. J. Drake, of Plainfield, offered the ordaining prayer; Rev. William Maul, of Samptown, gave the hand of fellowship; Rev. H. C. Fish, of Newark, gave the charge to the candidate; and Rev. G. P. Nice, of Somerville, gave the charge to the church.

As I entered upon my pastorate I saw the necessity of mapping out and systematizing my work. I had two sermons a week to prepare, a prayer-meeting to conduct, pastoral calls and family visits to make, besides incidental work and unexpected demands on my time. My Sunday preparations would require much time in my study. I must have my hours for devotion and for private and general reading. I also wished to pursue a definite line of study in the original Scriptures.

The first difficulty I met was our social family visits. My congregation was a very social people. All the families wished the pastor and his wife to visit them not only once, but often. I had no horse and carriage. But all we had to do was to name the day, and the farmers would come for us and return us home after the visit. To my surprise, we would be sent for in the forenoon and returned in the evening, and thus the whole day would be consumed. I explained to the people that

I needed several hours each day for study, that if I came in the morning I must return in time for study in the evening, but that I would prefer to come for the afternoon and evening, reserving the morning for study. The latter became our more general practice. On an average we made about two family visits a week, but in holiday and strawberry seasons we were out almost every day.

Sometimes two or three other families would be invited to visit with us. Thus our social intercourse was widened, and we got an insight into the relation of families as well as of individuals. Our conversation was often on the needs of the church and congregation, of the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting, on doctrines and ordinances, Christian living and worldly amusements. At one of their early social gatherings we discussed the importance of paying the debt of one thousand, five hundred dollars on our house of worship, and plans were started by which the amount was subscribed and paid within a few months. At these gatherings we could often speak a word of counsel or of encouragement to some brother or sister, or a personal word to an unconverted friend. We generally closed our visit with reading the Scriptures and prayer.

Having fixed my time for family visits, I arranged my other work about as follows: Mondays I gave to incidental things and miscellaneous duties. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday I devoted four hours each morning to my study, two or three hours each afternoon to pastoral calls except when engaged in family visiting, and my evenings, when not otherwise engaged, to general reading. Saturday was given to completing my Sunday preparations. During the winter season I preached Sunday morning and evening; during the summer, mornings and afternoons. Sunday-school was in the afternoon.

The preparation of my sermons cost me much labor. My morning discourse I wrote quite fully. It generally took three hours for three or four days. My second discourse I prepared in brief, with the heads of the principal divisions and words indicating trains of thought. I thus had an hour for special study at least four days in the week. In Hebrew I began to study the Psalms, and after them the book of Job. In Greek I began with Romans and the Epistles.

Of pastoral duties I felt I knew but little. I was wholly inexperienced, and often felt ashamed of my ignorance. It was difficult for me to talk personally to individuals on their soul's interests. Yet I felt it my duty to preach, not only publicly, but from house to house. So I began to make pastoral calls from a sense of duty. Mrs. Clark was of great assistance. She could, more easily than I, introduce subjects of personal religion and make personal appeals. An incident occurred which greatly impressed and encouraged me. In one of my calls upon a family, before leaving I exhorted an unconverted daughter to seek the Saviour. This through the blessing of God resulted in her conversion. In this I saw the Lord's approval and blessing.

I felt I needed instruction by some experienced pastor both as to pastoral calls and as to conducting prayer-meetings. I very naturally sought the advice of my brother-in-law, Rev. H. C. Fish, of Newark, who was successful in both of these lines of work. He took me with him in his calls on the sick, the afflicted, and the inquiring. He carried with him sunshine; the Spirit seemed to pervade his person and mellow his words; his very presence seemed a benediction. He had a pleasant greeting and a kind word for all; and was very happy in quoting fitting passages of Scripture. His stay was short, and a brief prayer closed the interview.

How pleased and grateful were individuals and families to have him come! It was like an angel's visit.

I came very soon to make a distinction between family visits and pastoral calls. The former were upon invitation and were largely social, and Mrs. Clark and I were generally together. The latter were generally without invitation and were principally religious, and I almost always conducted them alone. I put my family visits under the charge of Mrs. Clark, who arranged the time and place. In my pastoral calls I endeavored to treat the rich and poor alike, and if I gave any preference it was to the poor, for they seemed often to need my attentions more than the rich. I tried to treat all classes with the utmost impartiality. I kept a roll of all members of my church and congregation. If new families or persons came into my church or congregation I added their names to the roll. I also divided New Market and the vicinity into districts, and ascertained the religious condition and connection of every family in each district. I called on all families that were not connected with any church, as well as upon our own families, and gave attention to non-churchgoers. I sought to give my conversation a religious turn and, if circumstances were favorable, offered prayer before leaving. I generally had tracts with me, suited to different classes, which I gave to individuals. My calls were generally brief, and necessarily so where the people were scattered over the country. I found no time for gossip, and the people did not expect it. I often walked five or six miles in an afternoon in making a few calls. This, however, united good bodily exercise with an opportunity of doing good. Sometimes I was asked why I made my calls so short. I had an answer which I often gave: I said I remembered reading when a boy a sentence in Webster's Spelling Book, which I had never forgotten, "Short visits make long friends."

One of the first things that required attention was the missionary and benevolent work of the church. The people were generally friendly to the several missionary societies, but there was no stated time for giving. There were some generous givers, but collections were taken for the missionary societies only when agents came and presented their cause, and many gave not so much from principle as from the impulse of the moment.

A monthly missionary concert was started for the second service of the first Sunday of each month. As the field was the world we took it in our survey at these meetings—Home and Foreign Missions, Publication, State, Education, and Bible work. Three weeks after my ordination I preached on proportionate and systematic giving from 1 Corinthians 16:1, 2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him," etc. At the next church meeting a committee was appointed to prepare and submit a plan for benevolent contributions. This was submitted at the church meeting following and approved. The year was divided into six parts of two months each, and it was voted that on a stated Sunday of every other month a missionary sermon should be preached by the pastor, or by an agent if present, and an effort be made for one of the following objects: Foreign Mission, Home Mission, Publication Society, Bible Cause, State Convention, and New Jersey Baptist Education Society. At first this met with some slight opposition, which soon subsided; and the same plan substantially has continued in the church for over forty years. The missionary spirit of the church was broadened and deepened, and the benevolent contributions were increased, and they became a part of church life.

Through family visiting and pastoral calls I became acquainted with the people generally within the area of

my congregation. Among non-churchgoers I found some who felt that, because they were poor, they would not be welcomed at our meetings. I told them that Jesus said, "The poor have the gospel preached to them," and that the common people heard him gladly; that we as Christians were Christ's representatives, and it was our object to reach all classes and conditions of people; that we wished them to attend our meetings, be converted, and live Christian lives. I spoke to my brethren about them. Some of them came, were welcomed, and were afterward converted and united with our church. There were a few colored people in the vicinity. I did not pass them by in my pastoral calls. Only one of them generally attended our church service. But after a time it was not uncommon to see about a dozen colored persons at our second Sunday service.

As a further result of my pastoral work, I learned the doctrinal views, religious conditions, and needs of my people. One of my predecessors on this field was Rev. Lebbeus Lathrop, who for twenty-one years, from 1819 to 1840, was pastor of the Samptown Church, the mother church. Father Lathrop, as he was called, was greatly beloved and of great influence among the people. He was an extreme Calvinist, and it was said that nothing but his fervent piety and his love for souls kept him from going off with the Old School movement, that ruptured many churches in New Jersey in 1835. Under his preaching many of my members had been early trained. To them God's sovereignty, election, and the perseverance of the saints were the strong meat of the gospel which they relished. If these were not kept prominently in view, there was something lacking in their spiritual diet. Then there were younger members who needed instruction in doctrine and practice. Besides, many of the converts who had been received into the church the year

before my coming were ignorant and unmindful of their obligations to Christ and the church. I therefore preached a series of sermons on the leading Articles of Faith in the New Hampshire Confession, which had been adopted by our church. This appeared to be productive of good; and there seemed to be a general admission, at least, that I was sound in the faith.

Notwithstanding, some time after this there appeared to be a desire that the doctrine of election be made more prominent. Accordingly, I preached on 1 Peter 1:2: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." I dwelt upon four points: (1) That the doctrine of election is taught in the Scriptures. (2) What is the doctrine thus taught? (3) What is the relation of this doctrine to other parts of the gospel system? (4) Its tendencies. Among other things, I emphasized the statement of Peter, that election was "according to the foreknowledge of God." But as we can conceive of no time when God did not foreknow, nor when he had no plans, so we are not to put either his knowledge or his decrees before the other. We are not to say that God decreed because he foreknew, nor that he foreknew because he decreed. Both knowledge and decrees were coexistent in the mind of God. I noticed also that the use of means was an appointment of God, that freedom to choose is distinctly taught in God's word, and that election really involved both of these. I accepted God's sovereignty and man's free agency as Bible truths, and while with my finite mind I could not solve all the difficulties, I felt assured that they were plain and harmonious in the all-knowing mind of God. This discourse appeared to be favorably received by all, and during my stay at New Market I had no further call to preach on the subject.

And so the first year of my pastorate passed. It had been a busy year. I had gained some experience and sown gospel seed both publicly and from house to house, but had seen but little fruit. My people were very kind, and when we began housekeeping, February 6, 1856, in the second house north of our church, they gave us eighty-eight dollars and about fifteen dollars in provisions. Not a week passed without receiving tokens of their kindness. The Sunday-school was better than ever before. Our public services were well attended, and the congregations were attentive to the word. I felt encouraged, but longed to see the salvation of the Lord among our people.

During the year I had joined the Ministers' Conference of the East New Jersey Baptist Association, and soon after became its secretary. This was of great profit to me, both because of the literary exercises and practical discussions, and also because of the intimate acquaintance I formed with ministerial brethren. Particularly was this true of Rev. James F. Brown, of Scotch Plains, with whom I formed a lifelong friendship. Living six miles from each other, we often exchanged pulpits, and our families exchanged visits. In May I attended the Baptist Anniversaries in New York City, and got a wider view of the work of the Baptist denomination and a larger acquaintance with the Baptist brotherhood. The meetings were of great interest, especially those of the Missionary Union, in which were discussed questions pertaining to missionary methods and work. On July twenty-first Mrs. Clark and I started on a three weeks' vacation for Halifax, Vermont. We were greatly refreshed with meeting with friends, and enjoyed the bracing air and beautiful scenery of the Green Mountain State. On August thirteenth and fourteenth we attended the Amherst Commencement and our first class reunion.

My vacation gave me opportunity not only for recreation, but also for reviewing my year's work at New Market, and forming plans for the coming year. It resulted also in material advantage to my library, which was quite limited. I had but few books besides those I absolutely needed in my college and theological studies. But during my vacation I received an introduction by letter to Mr. Harris, of Detroit, Michigan, editor of the "Michigan Christian Herald," and I became the New Jersey correspondent of that paper, with the privilege of noticing new publications. I continued this for several years, even after the paper was merged into "The Standard" at Chicago. I devoted my Mondays to this work, and wrote to the "Herald" once a month. I greatly enlarged my library with such works as Olshausen's "Commentaries," Gieseler's "Church History," Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines," Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" in four volumes, Doctor Conant's "Job," Guthrie's "Gospel in Ezekiel," Fish's "Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence," and many other volumes. I spent also about fifty dollars a year in periodicals and books. Later I received presents of Alford, Bengel, portions of Lange, and Sophocles' "Greek Lexicon of the Roman and Byzantine Periods." Thus I was gathering helps for the preparation of sermons and tools for the critical study of the word. During my New Market pastorate I continued to study the original Scriptures.

I entered upon the second year of my pastorate with much concern for the salvation of souls. It seemed to me that I had failed thus far in reaching the unsaved. Very soon, however, the Lord gave me a token of his favor and an encouragement to persevere in labor. Two professed conversion, the result of personal appeals, and I baptized them on the thirteenth of December, 1856.

These were my first baptisms. I spoke to the deacons about starting extra meetings. But the church had had such an experience two years before, when many were baptized only to fall back into indifference or into such a life as to necessitate exclusion, that they were afraid. And so with a heavy heart I labored on as best I could, and took my case to God.

The first Sunday of January, 1857, came, a beautiful morning. I had prepared a sermon, but I could not preach it as I had prepared it. Never had the church rested so heavily on my heart. Weighed down in humility before God and with a sense of responsibility as an ambassador of Christ, I went to my pulpit and announced my text, Romans 3:19: "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." From the depths of my heart I addressed the various classes before me. A deep solemnity pervaded the congregation. As I closed I said: "I take the liberty, as our second service is this afternoon, to invite any who desire to pray with me for the church and the salvation of souls, to come to my house this evening."

After the service a little boy ten years of age told his brother that he felt himself a lost sinner, and going home weeping, he asked his mother to pray for him. The father and mother prayed for him. He was converted, and afterward became an active church-member and a useful worker in the Sunday-school.

The evening came, and about fifty gathered at my house for prayer. They were mostly from the Sunday-school. There was a mingling of contrition, tears, and humble confessions. Thirteen unconverted persons arose, asking the prayers of Christians. At the close I gave an opportunity for others to ask for similar meetings at their houses. Two invitations were given for the week. Thus I did not insist on extra services, but made them

purely voluntary, as any might request a service at their homes. For several weeks we had two or three of these meetings weekly ; I also held at my house a weekly inquiry meeting. As a result, the church was greatly benefited, and fifteen persons between the ages of ten and thirty years professed conversion. Ten of these I baptized on the eleventh of April, 1857. Three joined other churches. So far as I know, all of these converts ever after continued faithful. Some of the boys became prominent members and officers in the church.

The baptism was on Saturday afternoon in a little water below the pond, by the bridge on the main road which ran south through the village. The next day was quite unpleasant, with a gentle mist or rain. About an hour before the afternoon service I saw two strangers, a man and woman, drive up in a wagon, and enter the meeting-house. Their coming at such a time and in the rain arrested my attention. I went over to see them. I found them, a man and wife, who lived far from the traveled road, and had thus escaped my attention in my family calls. Formerly in another locality they had attended church, but for several years since coming to their present place they had been non-churchgoers. But the day before as they were riding through the village they came to the bridge just as the baptism was going on. They were deeply impressed by what they saw and heard. They felt that they were great sinners, and wished to live a better life. I pointed them to the Saviour, and prayed for them. In a few months I had the joy of welcoming them to baptism and to the church. They became decided and active Christians.

And so the second year of my first pastorate passed, more fruitful than the first, and enriched with experiences which were to contribute to my future usefulness. Its close was rendered memorable by the birth of our

firstborn, Carrie Louise, on Thursday morning, August 20, 1857. I took no vacation this year. Rev. H. C. Fish, of Newark, however, came and supplied my pulpit one Lord's Day.

The third year of my first pastorate began with small encouragement. The spiritual gatherings of the preceding year had been mostly from the Sunday-school. The large part of the congregation had been unreached. The people were generally prosperous, and prosperity had to some extent drawn them from God. "The greed of gain amounted to a mania; and it filled not only the commercial centers, but the villages—in fact, the whole land. Speculation was at fever heat, and the wildest projects turned men's brains and drove them recklessly on in the race for riches." Naturally, there followed frauds, defalcations, and failures, until finally the financial disorders which had lasted many weeks reached a crisis on the fourteenth of October, 1857. Then as with the twinkling of an eye golden dreams vanished, and riches took to themselves wings and flew away.

The wheels of industry stood still. Men by thousands were without business and without employment. They had time to think. God was teaching them their helplessness and their need of him. There came a call for prayer which stirred the land, and the response was well-nigh universal. Mr. Lanpier, a down-town city missionary in New York, was the first to give a public utterance to the call. He made an appointment for a weekly noon-day prayer-meeting in the old Dutch Reformed Church in Fulton Street. A few came—earnest, hungering souls like himself. The next week a larger number assembled, and the Business Men's Prayer-meeting began to attract attention. A call came for a daily meeting at noon. It was received with enthusiasm, crowds came; three meetings were held in the same building at the same

hour. Meetings were multiplied in other parts of the city. The movement spread to Boston and Philadelphia and other cities, until there was scarcely an important town in our country that had not its daily prayer-meeting. The joy of God's salvation was restored to Christians, and sinners in multitudes were converted.

A revival was suddenly upon us, emphatically a prayer-meeting revival. Pastors were active, but laymen were largely the workers. It reached all classes. Even the secular press became religious workers. The telegraph was brought into requisition. News of the great work in all parts of the country was daily reported. Religious subjects were the most interesting topics of discussion.

The people of our little village and church were slow to believe all that they heard of the wonderful work of God. Could it be genuine; or was it the work and excitement of men? Some went to New York and visited the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, and reported that there was deep feeling and that earnest requests for prayers abounded—prayers for friends, churches, and communities; and many testified to answers of prayer.

Thus began 1858. I desired to fall into the great prayer current that was rising in our country. I talked about it, and urged a daily prayer-meeting. But the conservative brethren of our church were not in readiness. They were waiting for some manifest token of the Spirit to indicate duty. Besides, they were slow to unite in union meetings with our Seventh-Day brethren. The two churches were not antagonistic, but they kept quite apart in their work.

January and February passed with but little increase of interest. March came. The wave of salvation was moving on, reaching the towns and villages of our State, but it had not reached us. In great humility and in tears I went to my pulpit Sunday morning, March

fourteenth, and preached from Jeremiah 14: 7-9, 20: "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy name's sake; for our backslidings are many; we have sinned against thee," etc. I entered deeply into the spirit of my text, and applied the thought to myself and to my people. It seemed just the prayer we needed to offer. On the following Wednesday afternoon and evening, March seventeenth, occurred our annual donation visit. There was a large attendance from our congregation and a number from the Seventh-Day church. The great revival was naturally the theme of conversation. It was felt that a daily union prayer-meeting should be started in our village. The Seventh-Day meeting-house had been moved into the village, and meetings could alternate between the two meeting-houses. A committee was appointed to see parties not present and members of other churches, and arrange, if thought best, for a daily prayer-meeting. The committee did its work quickly, and reported favorably.

The meetings began on Monday evening, March twenty-second, with a large attendance, and continued every evening for ten weeks. During this time there were no formal sermons preached except at the regular weekly services. The evening meetings were generally led by one of the pastors. After singing and prayer a brief passage of Scripture was read and enforced in a five-minute address. The meeting was then thrown open to any one who would take part, and the time was generally well occupied in prayer, remarks, and singing.

Intense interest was manifested and maintained. Everybody attended the services, which were characterized by fervent prayers, earnest exhortations, and much personal work. The Spirit's power seemed to come like waves of the sea, advancing and receding. For two or three nights decrease; this would lead to more earnest

prayer, and the interest would return with increased force. More than once a storm came which made our attendance small. But the people were praying at their homes, and with the clearing heavens they would return with renewed energy.

There were marked answers to prayers. Sometimes while we were yet speaking, the Lord heard. Yet in some instances the last were first and the first last. Some whom we were least expecting were the first to come; and some, the children of many prayers, were among the last to be reached. Indeed, some of the latter did not come fully out till a year or two later.

The meetings continued with unflagging interest till the end of May. It was noticeable how people could attend if their hearts were moved. Many who previously had been unable to come out evenings on account of poor eyesight, poor health, evening chores, or domestic duties, could now attend without intermission. During April and May, while evenings were growing shorter, and plowing, planting, and spring work demanded attention, the farmers somehow got through their work in the daytime and attended the evening meetings. Thus we continued until May thirtieth, when our daily prayer-meetings were brought to a close. In reviewing the work, it was found that seventy persons had professed conversion, one for each of the seventy evenings that the meetings had been held. Most of these united with the churches represented in the meetings, our church receiving the largest number. A thanksgiving service was held, of praise to God for the blessings received and the great work he had wrought in our community. During the summer union meetings were continued on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

I took a vacation of three weeks in August, and with Mrs. Clark and Carrie, now a year old, visited our friends

in Halifax, Vermont. While there I preached several times for Father Fish in the church and in two school-houses. On Sunday, September fifth, I was back in my own pulpit, and began the fourth and last year of my pastorate at New Market.

My work now consisted largely in training the young converts, in supplementing the work of our extra meetings, and in building up the spiritual interest of the church. A number who had professed conversion had not yet made an open profession, but were led in due time to unite with the church. There was also a considerable number who were in different grades of religious experience and needed guidance. Others still manifested anxiety for their soul's welfare, and some were hardened. There were thus new demands upon the pulpit as well as upon pastoral and personal labor. My days were full, and time passed swiftly. Fruit did not mature quickly. Five years later there was another revival, and I was told that about twenty traced back their experiences to these days. But nothing of marked interest occurred during this winter. Some union meetings were held, which resulted in good to the churches, and especially to those who had begun a new life.

As the spring drew near I became convinced that I could do more effective work in some other field. My church was made up of excellent brethren, but with some of them I did not see eye to eye as to methods and work. I could not act with the freedom I liked. Notwithstanding, my experience here was very valuable. I learned patience, and how to deal with men, and to look constantly to the Lord for guidance. I was being prepared for other fields of labor.

Just at this time I was invited to visit the Baptist church at Elizabeth, which resulted in a call to be pastor. The community was conservative and largely Presby-

terian. The Baptists were a feeble folk. The church was organized in 1843, and during the sixteen years of its existence there had been six pastors. All of these had remained less than two years each, except Rev. J. H. Waterbury, who had labored from March, 1851, till near the time of his death in January, 1855. The four years that succeeded this were among the darkest of the church's history. Short pastorates, internal troubles, and want of financial resources were productive of weakness and discouragement. There were times when it was seriously discussed whether it was not best to disband, sell the property, pay off debts, and refund the surplus to the original donors. A new and better location for the church had been secured during Mr. Waterbury's time, but his death had frustrated his plans for paying for it. With his death also ended the assistance which the church had received from the New Jersey Baptist State Convention. Thrown upon its own resources, the church struggled along for three years, at times almost ready to die. The old property was sold, and while they could still worship in it for a time, the church would soon be without a meeting-house. Almost in despair, the church at length authorized one of the leading members, according to his best judgment, to repair one of the houses on the new property in Jersey Street for a parsonage, to sell or remove the other buildings, and put up a lecture-room on the rear of the lot. This he did very economically in 1858, but incurred a debt of three thousand dollars on the property.

It was a serious question whether or not to make Elizabeth my field of labor. The Baptist State Convention regarded it a discouraging and unproductive field for Baptists. Mr. D. M. Wilson, the President of the Convention, told me that Elizabeth did not appear to be good soil for Baptists, or else the Baptists there were not of the

right sort. He advised me not to accept the call, and added, "You will not stay there six months."

Yet Elizabeth was really an important field. The city was taking on new life. It numbered almost fourteen thousand inhabitants, and business men from New York and Brooklyn were seeking residences there. Baptists would naturally like to find a Baptist church. It seemed necessary that some one should take charge of the church, ready for hard and patient work, and willing to stay long enough to lay good and deep foundations. This I felt inclined to do. But my special drawing toward the church was on account of Mr. Waterbury, who had done so much for me while at Amherst College. He was laid aside by sickness, and death came when success seemed ready to crown his labors at Elizabeth. I was deeply impressed that I should take up the work that he had laid down, and carry it forward by the blessing of God toward completion. Accordingly, on May 28, 1859, I resigned my pastorate at New Market and accepted the call from Elizabeth, my year to begin with the first of June. The salary was to be substantially the same as that at New Market. While this was sufficient among a well-to-do and generous people made up largely of farmers, it was hardly adequate for comfortable living in the city.

On Sunday, June fifth, I preached my farewell discourse at New Market. It was nearly four years since I first preached here on the first Sunday after my graduation at Rochester. Since then I had preached over four hundred sermons, besides giving many addresses, made over four hundred family visits and over a thousand pastoral calls. Twice the Lord had revived his people, resulting in the salvation of many souls. All of these with scarce an exception were remaining steadfast. Besides my usual preparations for the pulpit and my private

studies, I had written a monthly letter to the "Michigan Christian Herald"; I had also prepared an article on "The Evangelical Armenians of Turkey, the Reformers of the East," which appeared in "The Christian Review" of January, 1859. I had long been interested in the mission among this people by the American Board. Thus my years had been busy ones, attended with the loving-kindness of the Lord.

XV

PASTORATE AT ELIZABETH. 1859-1868.

I ENTERED upon my pastorate in Elizabeth in great humility. The greatness of the work, the difficulties of the field, the weakness of the church, and, most of all, my own weakness, engrossed my heart and well-nigh overwhelmed me. With such feelings I preached my first discourse as pastor, Sunday, June twelfth, from 2 Corinthians 4:7: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." I asked the people for their sympathy and prayers, and besought them not to think less of the treasure because of the weakness of the vessel of clay that bore it.

The pastors of the city showed me great kindness. Soon after my coming they called and invited me to join the Ministers' Meeting. I accepted the invitation, and during the nine years of my pastorate I scarcely omitted a session. My intercourse with my ministering brethren was exceedingly pleasant, and our meetings were interesting and profitable.

My first work as pastor was to become acquainted with the membership of the church and with the people who might be regarded as naturally belonging to the congregation. I found that quite a number of Baptists had moved into the city from time to time, and had become identified with the Presbyterian congregations, and their children had become members of the church. Elizabeth was a very religious city and comparatively few families were not identified with some congregation.

I determined at once to reach all unidentified Baptists, and to look after the newcomers into the city. The land-agents and hackmen aided me in this. They often informed me of persons inquiring for the Baptist church and of any who said they were Baptists. I at once called upon such, and invited them to attend our church the next Sunday. If they had families, Mrs. Clark and I would call as soon as convenient. In this way most of the Baptists who came to the city were induced to attend our services, and to unite with the church if they became permanent residents.

After taking charge of the church I soon discovered that a very considerable number of the members, whose names were recorded on the church-roll, could not be found. After suitable effort to ascertain the residences of the entire membership, twenty-seven names were dropped. We thus found our actual membership to be forty-three—fifteen men and twenty-eight women. A number of these were aged and infirm, or living at such a distance as to be unable to attend our services. Twelve lived in the country, from one to five miles away. The working force in the city, outside of Mrs. Clark and myself, was six brethren and twelve sisters. We were surprised to find the membership so small, but we had the satisfaction of knowing our real strength and the residence of every member of the church.

It was suggested by some of our leading members that we ask aid of the New Jersey Baptist State Convention. But knowing the feeling of many good brethren in the State, and that the church was not in good repute with them, I advised the church to depend on its own resources. I did this at considerable sacrifice, for I not only had to forego an increase in salary, but during the first year contributed fifty dollars to church purposes. But it seemed a good time for the church to begin full self-

support. Events following this decision showed that we acted wisely.

Notwithstanding our small resources and heavy financial burdens, I advised the church to take up missionary collections. The brethren felt that they were really unable to support the church properly; how then could they help others? A little after I asked what they thought of having a monthly missionary concert, when any who wished could contribute to missions as they might choose. The suggestion was favorably received, and in August, 1859, we began holding a missionary concert on the first Sunday afternoon of each month. During the first year several dollars was contributed to foreign missions. The next year a collection for home missions was added, and the year after the Bible cause was added as a third object of benevolence. Soon after, the church adopted a system of missionary offerings, dividing the year into six parts, and contributing to six objects: Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Publication Society, Education Society, State Convention, and Bible work. Generous collections were realized, and the same plan has continued substantially for years.

One of the most encouraging features of my work was the weekly prayer-meeting. During my entire pastorate it was well attended and of great spiritual profit. But the most discouraging feature was the Sunday-school. It had lost its grip upon the young. A constant effort seemed necessary to keep it alive. The other Sunday-schools in the city were large and active. They had canvassed the city thoroughly and gathered in the children. During the times of dissension and changes in our church the school had been neglected, and the children had become interested in other schools. To build up the school was harder than to start anew. The largest number we could get into the school for some time was

about fourteen. We used various means for increasing the number and creating interest with little success. After two years twenty-five was regarded as a good average attendance. Parents and the congregation showed but little interest; and it seemed almost impossible to induce the young people to attend.

I grew almost desperate, but resolved to make one more attempt. After unfolding my plans to some of the leading brethren, I went into the pulpit one Sunday morning and preached a short discourse on the great necessity of the hour. I said to the people that if we expected to build up the Baptist cause in Elizabeth we must build up the Sunday-school. I urged upon parents and young people the duty of attending the Sunday-school and of giving it a place of honor by their influence, presence, and labors. I proposed that the time of meeting should be immediately after the morning service and that the congregation attend. Abruptly closing my discourse, I called for expressions of views. Several of the church and congregation declared their readiness to adopt the plan that had been suggested. It was also voted to reorganize the school, and to hold it immediately after the morning service. We began then and there. Classes of adults and of young people were formed and teachers selected; and the lessons for the next Sunday were announced. A constitution of the school was soon after adopted; officers were elected; the library and the number of papers for distribution increased; and the agencies of the best-equipped schools were introduced.

This was one of the most important days in the history of the church. The Sunday-school took on new life, and exerted a healthful influence upon every department of our work. An infant department was started under an excellent teacher, and a room was erected in the rear of the meeting-house for its accommodation. For order,

good work, and efficiency the school became one of the best in the city. For forty years since then the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting have been most important instrumentalities in building up the church.

The first five years of my pastorate at Elizabeth were years of financial struggle both for the church and for myself. This was especially true of 1861. The country had not recovered from the financial crisis of 1857 when I entered upon my pastorate in 1859. The excitement of the presidential election of 1860 brought business to a standstill. Matters grew worse after the election. When the war commenced, in April, 1861, and for some time after, business was prostrate, especially that connected with the South, or dependent upon the South. The business interests of Elizabeth were greatly depressed. Most of the financial supporters of our church had little or nothing to do. Only two of our members had much financial means, and these were suffering greatly from the embarrassments of the times. It seemed almost like a matter of life or death. After getting all the pledges possible from the church and congregation there was a deficiency of at least three hundred dollars for meeting the necessary expenses of the bare support of the church for the year. After much thought and prayer I was deeply impressed that God was calling me to lead, for the time-being, in temporal matters. Arousing the church and congregation to action and influencing people outside, we held two festivals, each netting one hundred and fifty dollars, in all just the amount we needed to tide the church over this critical period in her history.

I do not believe in supporting churches by festivals. But just at this time it seemed clear that our church was justified in doing business for the Lord. Never did I feel that I was doing God's work more than when I devoted time in engineering these two festivals. We

eliminated all the objectionable features which are too often connected with such gatherings, and conducted them on strictly business principles.

During these years I was often in financial straits, and several times deliverance came in answer to prayer. I used to say that I did not know whether the Lord heard my prayers in regard to these temporal matters, but I was sure he heard the prayers of my wife. I remember that one Sunday morning Mrs. Martha Parcell, a most devoted and benevolent sister, handed me twenty-five dollars, just the amount I needed to meet an obligation.

In the summer of 1862 Dr. Henry G. Weston was spending a few weeks at Elizabeth with his cousin, Mrs. James Kain. He was then pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church of New York City. On Sunday, the thirteenth of July, I exchanged with him. I found that he opened his morning service with the Doxology. Impressed with its appropriateness, on my return home I commended it to my brethren, who favored its adoption. I believe we were the first church to adopt the practice in New Jersey, and perhaps the first in our country after the Oliver Street Church in New York. Since then it has become quite general in our own churches. And lately (1906) attending a Sunday morning service of the Princeton Theological Seminary, I was pleased with the opening, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

During my pastorate at Elizabeth it was customary to have union services through the week of prayer, beginning with Monday evening after the first Sunday in January. In this way the Presbyterians, Episcopalians (low church), Methodists, and Baptists manifested brotherly feeling and Christian fellowship. But after that it seemed best for each church to attend to her own work. This was particularly true of our church. We

were so small and overshadowed by the other churches that we were almost lost sight of in a large union service. But alone we could do some effective work. We always followed the week of prayer by some extra meeting of longer or shorter duration as Providence might indicate. These meetings were always attended with good results. During the first six years the ingatherings, though not large, were mostly by personal effort, largely "hand-picked fruit."

With the beginning of 1862 there seemed a great lack of spiritual interest. The week of prayer, and another week of meetings in our own church had passed without any apparent results. One Sunday, after evening service, I was greatly impressed that I should call upon eleven or twelve unconverted persons and urge them to attend at once to their personal salvation. The next morning several obstacles were in the way of following out my convictions, but I called upon every one of these persons, and had personal religious conversation with them. I found the Lord had gone before me and opened their hearts to receive the truth. All of them were convicted of sin, and deeply conscious of their need of the Saviour. One or two, I think, soon removed from the city, but within a short time, ten were baptized and united with our church.

One of the very trying things was the changing population among whom we largely labored. Baptists from New York or Brooklyn would come, remain with us a few months or a year, and after we became acquainted and interested in one another, they would return to the city or remove elsewhere. Some of them were very useful while with us, but this only made us feel their loss the more. As they did not regard themselves permanent, they did not unite with the church, but were members only of the congregation. And even some of those who

did join were compelled to go to other places on account of business.

On baptismal occasions I generally preached on some Baptist doctrine, principle, or peculiarity. As we then had large congregations, I felt it my duty to do this not only for the instruction of my own people, but also for the information of those outside who might have wrong conceptions of our views. I prepared these discourses with great care. I made as little reference to other denominations as possible, and presented the Scriptural teaching as I understood it, in all kindness and frankness. I never heard of their giving offense. They resulted in great good, and years after, when visiting the people, I heard them spoken of and found the seed thus sown was bearing fruit. On the third of June, 1862, I preached the annual sermon before the East New Jersey Baptist Association, in the Piscataway Church at Stelton, from Hebrews 10:38, "Now the just shall live by faith," and discussed the theme, "The Connection of Faith with the Christian Life." At the election of officers I was chosen Standing Clerk, a position which I held for five years.

In the early autumn the first sorrow came to our home. Soon after returning from our vacation at Halifax, Vermont, our second child, Sara Ella, sixteen months old, died of cholera infantum. It was on Friday, September fifth. On Sunday afternoon a service was held at the church, when Rev. William Rollinson spoke from 2 Kings 4:26: "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." The Sunday-school sang, "Around the throne of God in heaven, thousands of children stand." The body was laid away in the graveyard of the First Presbyterian Church, where it remained thirty-seven years, when it was removed and placed in our family plot in the Cedar Hill Cemetery at Hightstown.

Sara Ella was an attractive child, and had entwined herself around our hearts. Her loss was deeply felt, but it drew us nearer in trust and submission to God as our heavenly Father.

The twentieth anniversary of our church came in June, 1863. It seemed a good time to put into permanent form some facts regarding its history. The minutes of the church were very brief; and many of them had never been recorded in the church book. Mr. Elkanah Drake, who had taken the first steps toward the organization, had died in February, 1852. His principal coworker in the enterprise, Deacon David S. Higgins, was in feeble health and declining years. Our other older members would in a few years pass away, and so many valuable facts regarding the early years of the church would be lost. I spent much time in visiting all the older members of the church and congregation, and gathered a large amount of material. This was done with much care; every fact was confirmed by more than one witness. Having examined and compared the records of both the church and the society, public and private documents, and the testimony of twenty-four living witnesses, I prepared a historical discourse, which I preached on Sunday mornings, June seventh and fourteenth.

This discourse was published by request of the church, and was widely distributed among the members, in the city and in many of the churches of the State. Its effect was good in bringing the church favorably before the community and among sister churches, and good among ourselves in arousing a sentiment and creating an interest in paying the indebtedness on our church property. Only three hundred dollars had been paid on our debt; two thousand, seven hundred still remained. It was resolved to make an effort to pay this. It was agreed to begin with the church, and make a suggestive estimate of what

different parties might possibly give. This was carefully and wisely done, and the matter presented to each one kindly and subject to each one's option. The result was that the subscriptions were made substantially as suggested. We then solicited subscriptions from the congregation with good success. There being still some deficiency, we sought help outside. I visited Plainfield and Stelton, and obtained about a hundred dollars. Some friends in the city also subscribed, and we were all happy on the second Sunday of December, 1864, to have it announced that the whole amount needed had been raised. The money was paid soon after, and at the next Association in June we reported the church free from debt.

While engaged in raising a subscription for our church debt, I was forgetful of my own needs. The expense of living had greatly increased. Everything was selling at war prices. My salary was entirely inadequate. Still, I had given it but little thought. I was trusting in God that he would provide. And God did provide in a very unexpected way. Early in September I was asked to teach Latin two hours, three mornings a week, in the Union School, to be paid three hundred dollars for the school year. I therefore entered upon the work of teaching, without trespassing in the least upon my duties as pastor or preacher. My brethren were surprised when they heard what I was doing, but thoughtfully took in the situation. At the next meeting of the church my salary was increased three hundred dollars, and I was told to go on and complete my school year. The next year two hundred dollars more was added to the salary. The church also paid my fare to St. Louis to attend the Anniversaries in May, 1865, after which I extended my trip to Fairfield, Iowa, to visit my brother.

On the tenth of July, 1864, I exchanged with Rev. Joshua E. Rue, of Hightstown. He was supplying for

Rev. Isaac Butterfield, who had recently become pastor. Mr. Rue was anxious that I become interested in the school just started there. It was one of the strong desires of his life to see a school of high grade established by the Baptists of New Jersey. I recall meeting him and his pastor, Rev. Lewis Smith, who was in declining health, at the State Convention in Bordentown, November 10, 1863. Both had been talking on their way to Bordentown of the need of a Baptist school in New Jersey. One of the first things he said, on accosting me, was: "There is going to be something done about a denominational school at this meeting." He had expected that Mr. Smith would offer a resolution, but Rev. J. C. Hyde, of Camden, who was entertained with Mr. Smith over night, had the honor of offering it the next morning as follows: "*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the desirableness and propriety of making arrangement immediately for establishing a literary institution, under the patronage of our denomination in New Jersey." The committee was appointed, and reported in the afternoon, making several general recommendations, but never did anything afterward.

Mr. Rue was eccentric and impulsive, and had been anxious that something be done. Thus on Sunday morning, November first, in the public congregation at Hightstown, he offered a resolution, that the old Baptist meeting-house should be repaired and changed, so as to make it comfortable for lectures, prayer-meetings, and the Sunday-school—his ultimate object being to secure a suitable schoolroom. The resolution was unanimously passed, and the work was done. And on the thirtieth of January, 1864, it was: "*Resolved*, That the room over the lecture-room be granted to Brother Lewis Smith for a school-room, free of charge for one year." Though Mr. Smith

was unable to undertake the work, a school was started in the spring, which, undergoing various changes, at length ripened into Peddie Institute. It had its home in the old church six years.

In the spring of 1864 Mr. Rue visited me at Elizabeth in the interest of the school, and then visited Dr. H. C. Fish at Newark, and first brought the school to his favorable notice. In June Mr. Rue visited the East New Jersey Baptist Association at Red Bank and got an endorsement of the school. In October he visited the Central Baptist Association at Wertsville and obtained a hearty approval. A like endorsement was given by the State Convention which met in November at Flemington.

I am thus particular because it has been much discussed as to who was the originator of the school. If it had not been for Mr. Rue the school at Hightstown would not have been started when it was, and he it was who did more than any other one in locating it at Hightstown. The original Board of Trustees in 1864 was from Hightstown. Of the nineteen members constituting the Board in November, 1865, thirteen were members of the Baptist congregation of Hightstown. Rev. J. C. Hyde later became financial agent, and did valuable work in planning and hastening the erection of the first building, now named Wilson Hall.

XVI

MY COMMENTARY, PREPARATIONS FOR

WHEN in the Rochester Theological Seminary I conceived the idea of writing a commentary on the Holy Scriptures. This grew upon me, until it became a settled conviction that I was called of God to the work. During my pastorate at New Market and my first years at Elizabeth I took up special studies with this in view. For several years I did not find a fitting time to begin, nor did I have the preparation or the books that I wished for the work. Amid many difficulties I persevered in systematic study. My wife had greater faith in me than I had in myself. Perhaps I would not have entered upon the task if it had not been for her words which deepened my convictions and stimulated my courage.

It seemed to me that what the Baptist people needed and the state of biblical learning demanded was a popular commentary upon a critical basis; that such a work should be grounded not only on a critical text, but also on a text critically studied; that the result of such studies should be presented in a form suited to the common people, illustrated from books of travel, archeology, and history, and supplemented with marginal and other Scripture references, and with practical suggestions for private meditation or for use by teachers, superintendents, and Christian workers.

For about six years I had thought to begin with the Old Testament, and had devoted special study upon it. After I became well settled at Elizabeth I was planning

to begin notes upon the book of Genesis. I incidentally mentioned my intention to Rev. Doctor Fish, of Newark. He advised me to begin with the Gospels, saying that they were to be the central books of study for some years to come. He had recently met with leading Sunday-school men of the country, who expressed the opinion that the life of Christ would be more than ever studied in the Sunday-school. I too thought I could see this tendency in the times, and so concluded to devote my attention first to the New Testament. My studies in the Old Testament, however, did me a great service in interpreting the New. Indeed, a critical knowledge of both Testaments seems eminently desirable for commenting on either.

My change of plan delayed the commencement of my commentary work. I wished to give more study to the New Testament, and especially to the Gospels. Other things hindered in the busy and trying days of my early ministry in Elizabeth, particularly my teaching in the Union School.

At length my annual visit to Halifax, Vermont, came in August, 1865. These vacation days were always times for reviewing my work and forming plans for the future. It was more than usually so at this time, both in regard to church work and writing a commentary. The latter weighed heavily on my mind. Ten years had passed since I had left the seminary, and, while much study had been given in preparation, not a sentence, or word of an actual beginning, had been written!

Soon after my return to Elizabeth the crisis came. Having preached in my own pulpit, Sunday, September tenth, I had a wakeful night, hours of intense feeling. I felt self-condemned that I had yielded so easily to difficulties and hindrances in the way of commentary work. About two o'clock in the morning I rededicated

myself and what little talent I possessed to God and to this particular labor, so far as time, strength, and duties to my church would permit. Great peace filled my soul and I fell into a sweet sleep. I arose at the usual time, and wrote that day the first page of my "Notes on Matthew." From that time onward the forenoons of three or four days each week were devoted to this work. I had attained such facility in preparing sermons that I could usually make my Sunday preparations on Friday and Saturday. My pastoral calls and other duties received attention, as heretofore, in afternoons and evenings. What I owed to my church and congregation was always first, and I made it a rule that my commentary work should not interfere. So carefully did I observe this rule that my people never suspected that I was doing this extra work, and when I issued the first volume, they were surprised, and wondered how and when I could have commanded time for its preparation.

When I began writing my commentary I was teaching a class of men and women, a supply class for teachers in the Sunday-school. It was composed of intelligent people, well informed upon the news of the day and the general affairs of life. I was surprised to find how limited was their knowledge of the Bible, and upon how many points they needed explanation. And they appeared to represent the intelligence of people generally in Bible matters. And therefore in preparing my notes I kept my class in view, and endeavored to meet the needs of this class of people. If sometimes I seemed to explain needlessly, it was because I found persons in my class who needed just such information. My comments were on the common English version, but they were the result of careful study of the original Greek. Indeed, a critical commentary was often made mentally before the popular notes were written. In very many cases it would have

been as easy to write a critical commentary as it was to prepare the popular one.

In preparing my commentary I had first in view the needs of Baptist people, especially the teachers and workers in our Baptist Sunday-schools. I did not, however, make the articles of our faith and practice a standard or guide in my expositions. I strove as far as possible to be guided by the mind and will of Christ. My single desire was to know, unfold, and enforce the thought of God, as revealed in his word. These four questions were kept in view: What did the writer intend to express? What idea did he convey to his Christian readers? What did the Spirit intend to say or teach through him? How can the thought be best expressed or explained now? The grammatical form and logical connection, in the original, were carefully studied, as well as the spirit, aim, and surroundings of the writer. Thus the work was not sectarian, though intended principally for Baptist readers.

I seemed to progress very slowly at times, when I had difficulties in philology and interpretation to meet, questions of the text to examine, works of reference to consult, books of travel to quote, and scriptural references to select; and to put all in popular form suited to the people as we generally meet them. I remember at one time when I had been toiling long upon a chapter, that my wife came into my study and in solicitude said, "Aren't you putting too much time on this?" "No," I replied, "we shall see the time when we will not be sorry for all the work I put upon it." And we did see it. When my "Notes on Matthew" were issued from the press, a similar and very excellent commentary on Matthew was published by the leading Baptist publisher of New England, and endorsed by the professors of Newton Theological Seminary. The two works naturally

came into competition. Without my solicitation or knowledge, the Board of the American Baptist Publication Society appointed a committee of three to examine them. As a result, Dr. B. Griffith, secretary, wrote me stating what had been done, and that preference had been given to my "Matthew," and that the Society would be glad to enter into some arrangement whereby it could become my publisher. Dr. J. M. Pendleton, who I believe was one of the committee, told me that it was the many little points brought out, the practical remarks, and the many references, that decided the committee in its favor. I then thought of that talk in my study, and that my slow and hard work had not been in vain.

For ten years since becoming a pastor, I had generally preached topical or textual discourses, often with great dissatisfaction. But I had made an exception in the autumn of 1864, when I preached ten expository sermons on the Epistle to the Galatians. These I enjoyed, and they were well received. About two months after I commenced writing my commentary I began what might be styled semiexpository preaching. Taking a paragraph, I would give a running exposition, and then enforce some of the lessons of the passage. This method of preaching better suited my peculiarities of mind and my scriptural studies than any other. I entered with new life into preaching, and the people listened with increased interest. During the week inquiries would be made about the Scripture expounded or the thought enforced. For ten years after this I preached a sermon a Sunday on some paragraph in the Gospels, and hundreds of practical remarks in my commentary were the ones used in enforcing doctrinal and practical truth upon my hearers.

I found several advantages in this manner of preaching. First of all, I instructed my people more in the Scriptures than formerly. Then I adapted myself better

to the varying needs of my church and congregation—a paragraph giving me an opportunity for a wider application. I could also often apply truth more pointedly, as directly coming out from some part of the paragraph, without appearing personal, or going out of the way. And not the least, it helped me to preach without manuscript. I learned that one secret of extemporaneous preaching is to keep the reservoir full. My mind was kept full in preparing my commentary, and it became easy to expound a passage and arrange my materials in its illustration and enforcement. Thus my commentary helped my preaching, and my preaching helped give popular and practical form to my commentary.

Meanwhile, my church was gradually growing in financial strength and numbers. The increase came both from those who had been for some time residents of Elizabeth, and also from those who moved into the city and did business in New York. The older members were conservative; the newer ones were, for the most, progressive; some radical. Thus there were different classes, accustomed to different modes of life and different methods of church work. Strong and prosperous churches in New York and Brooklyn were represented by good and energetic brethren and sisters. What had been successful in their respective churches was in their minds the very thing to insure success here. The greatest care was needed to avoid friction and promote harmony and concerted action. Our church business meetings were in danger of becoming storm-centers. This was most happily avoided by making the deacons a committee on discipline and church business. All matters of importance were referred to this committee, and all important business was transacted on their recommendation. A monthly meeting of pastor and deacons was held, at which time the whole field of church and congregation

was surveyed, and such recommendations for church action were made as could be unanimously agreed upon by the committee. These meetings rotated among the families of the deacons and pastor. They were very pleasant social gatherings, and resulted very advantageously to the spiritual and financial condition of the church.

On Thursday evening, December 28, 1865, the Sunday-school held a Christmas and New Year's celebration. A good program was rendered, and gifts were given and received. The pastor and his wife were presented with a beautiful tea-set, valued at seventy-five dollars, from the congregation. This had been gotten up so quietly that it was to us a perfect surprise. This was the seventh year of my pastorate in Elizabeth, and at no time had the work been more encouraging or the spiritual interests more promising.

With the growth of the church in numerical and financial strength there came a desire for a corresponding increase of spiritual influence and power. There had been conversions from time to time for several years, but there had been no general revival which reached the entire church and took hold of the outside community. It was a frequent subject of thought and prayer.

During November and December of this year interest grew and seriousness deepened. After the Week of Prayer, which, in 1866, occurred January 7-13, we held three or four meetings a week for several weeks. They were well attended and of great interest. Sinners were convicted of sin and souls were converted. Sunday, January twenty-first, was particularly a solemn day—possibly the most solemn Sunday since my coming to Elizabeth. The Spirit was present in power; Christians were deeply moved; a wandering professor returned to the fold in humble penitence; and work among the

unsaved received a new impulse. On the last Sunday in January and the first Sunday of February several were baptized. As the work went on others professed conversion, and were ready to unite with the church.

Elder Jacob Knapp, the noted evangelist, was at this time holding meetings in Newark. He spent two weeks with us, beginning Saturday evening, February twenty-fourth. Mr. Knapp was then sixty-five years old, and possessed great physical and mental strength and vigor. His power over a congregation was remarkable. When preaching, he stood unmoved, making but slight gestures of the hand, but he would hold his audience for an hour with interest increasing in intensity to the end. Some of his discourses were the most powerful I ever heard, and they produced in some the most pungent convictions. Our church was crowded to its utmost capacity every evening. A large number, among them many young men, came forward to the front seats for prayers. Daily some were added to the Lord.

The work extended outside of our church and congregation. This was especially true in Lyons Farms, about two and a half miles distant, between Elizabeth and Newark. The Baptist church there was nearly a hundred years old, but had been depleted by removals and deaths, and also by others going into the Baptist churches at Newark. It had been for some time without a pastor, and it had neither Sabbath service, Sunday-school, nor prayer-meeting. The few older and faithful members were completely discouraged, and thought it best to disband and go into neighboring Baptist churches. Among these was Deacon J. Winans, a man of prayer and a lover of Christian work. He came to our meetings, and had his spiritual strength renewed. He induced many of his friends and neighbors to come with him, both the unconverted and cold, formal professors of religion.

Many of these were reached by the truth. Backsliders were reclaimed; they returned to the Lord, confessing their sins. Some of them were young married people. In penitence they publicly confessed their wanderings, and said that their first step of wandering was in attending parties of pleasure. They became infatuated with the dance, and lost all religious enjoyment. The prayer-meeting was first neglected, and then the church and all its services. As their salvation was now restored, they became active workers for the Lord, and sinners among their friends and neighbors were converted. Several of these I baptized. Following this, Rev. W. H. Bergfels, a young preacher from Newark, opened the church at Lyons Farms, and held meetings resulting in other conversions and baptisms. The result was, the church entered upon a new life, and its membership was largely increased. Its old house of worship gave way to a new house, and for many years Mr. Bergfels was its pastor.

As usual, I spent my August vacation at Halifax, Vermont. On August 30, 1866, the golden wedding of Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Bersheba Fish, Mrs. Clark's parents, was celebrated. Sixty sat down to dinner, and about one hundred to tea. The ten children were present—eight with their husbands or wives, and twenty grandchildren. A number of other relatives had come from a distance. Interesting exercises occurred in the evening. I was asked to open with prayer. Rev. Henry C. Fish read a sketch of the ancestors and descendants of Rev. Samuel Fish. Charles F. Fish, M. D., read a paper on the "Physiological Traits of the Fish Family." I read one of the hymns which were sung on the occasion. Father Fish made an appropriate address, recalling God's guidance and faithfulness, and closed with prayer. A Golden Wedding Book was afterward prepared and published, containing an account of this gathering, the

papers read on the Fish family, as well as a sketch of the Packer (Mother Fish's) family.

On our return to Elizabeth we entered vigorously into church work with much to encourage us. With the assistance of Rev. A. P. Graves, who was about to give up pastoral work for the calling of the evangelist, special meetings were held in December. These resulted in good, not only in the conversion of sinners, but also in bringing the church up to a higher plane of Christian living and in strengthening and training the converts of the preceding year.

When I came to Elizabeth there was one colored member, a sister, in our church. There was a mission among the colored people under Presbyterian supervision, where I sometimes preached. Several colored persons professed conversion in our meetings, some of whom I baptized. These formed a nucleus of a colored church, which was organized after I left the city; and from it sprang the two prosperous colored churches now doing good work in Elizabeth.

In 1863 I started a weekly prayer-meeting at Elizabethport, the eastern part of the city, but two miles from our church. Several Baptist families were living there, and some members of our church. In the autumn and winter of 1867 we hired the use of a hall Sunday afternoons and held a preaching service. The prayer-meetings were continued in private houses. A number were received into the church by baptism, letter, and experience. Often on Sunday mornings a stageful would come up to our service. The changing population was detrimental to our work, and prevented rapid growth. After my leaving Elizabeth Mr. Peter B. Amory started a Sunday-school and built a memorial chapel. The present East Elizabeth Baptist Church is the outcome of this mission.

During the year 1867, there was a quickening of church life and a deepening of Christian experience and personal religion. This was manifested in our prayer-meetings, which were seasons of great enjoyment, and in the conversation of our members. Several valuable and spiritually minded persons came to us by letter, among whom were Deacon Jonathan Ives and family. Deacon Ives was a man of prayer and spiritual power, one who walked with God and was ready for every good work. His life was a daily commendation of the religion of Christ. He was an epistle for the gospel in the city and in his business and social relations.

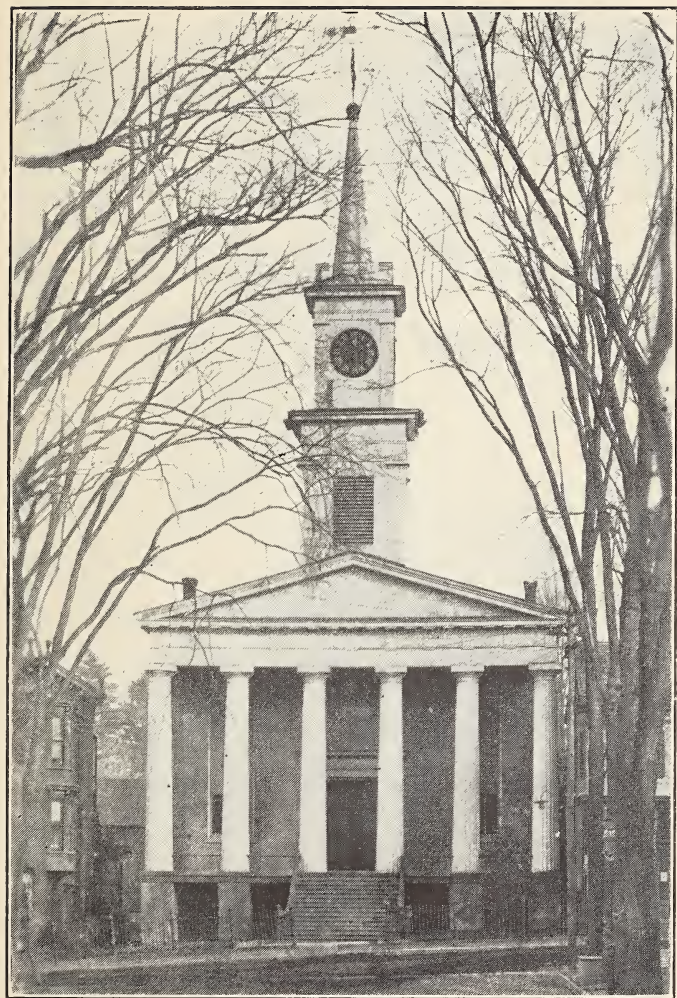
Late in the autumn my attention was particularly called to the school at Hightstown. Mr. Edgar Haas and his brother had charge of the school; and they were purposing to leave at the end of the school year, June, 1868. I was asked to become principal, beginning with September following. I gave some encouragement, but did not accept for the following reason: Mr. Calvin F. Wiley had been a member of my church the first two years of my pastorate at Elizabeth. He then removed with his family to Ballston Spa, New York. In December, 1867, I received a letter from Mr. Wiley, asking me to visit his family and preach on the last Sunday of the year. Delighted with the thought of seeing my old friends, I went to Ballston, and had a very enjoyable time, both in visiting and in preaching. On Monday morning, just as I was taking the cars for home, I was surprised by two brethren of the church, who asked me if I would accept a call to become pastor of the church. I replied that I did not know whether I could accept, that I had already given some thought to becoming principal of the Institute at Hightstown, New Jersey, but that I was willing to consider the matter prayerfully if such a call was given me.

Two weeks later I received the call. After revisiting the church, and then consulting with the committee of the Board of the Hightstown School, it became evident that duty called me to the pastorate at Ballston. This invitation had come unexpectedly and without my seeking in the least. It seemed to be a providential call from God. It also seemed to me that if I went to Hightstown I must very largely give up my commentary work, which I could carry on in the pastorate. I therefore declined the principalship of the school, and the next day, February 6, 1868, accepted the call to the pastorate at Ballston Spa, to begin with March first. Events of all the years since then convince me that I acted wisely.

The little time that remained to me in Elizabeth was spent in reviewing my work and in preparing to leave my church in the best possible condition. I had performed the hardest nine years' work of my life. In a conservative city like Elizabeth and under the overshadowing influence of strong and older churches of other denominations, our little church had labored under great difficulty and had made comparatively slow progress. I often likened our work to a railroad train on an up-grade, needing much power to start, but finding the pull easier when it came to level ground. During my first year we got well started, but my second and third years were amid the distractions and hard financial times connected with the beginning of the great Civil War. The fourth year we made good headway, and continued to do so to the end. In after years, as I have looked over the field I have found that we laid the foundation for the five Baptist churches that are now in the city. Just before leaving I obtained the statistics of the Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Methodist churches of the city, and was gratified to find that the Baptist denomination had the largest ratio of increase during the time of my pastorate.

My last Sunday, February 23, 1868, was a day of deep and solemn interest, with large attendance both morning and evening. In the morning I preached my last discourse as pastor. Among many other things, I said:

During my pastorate I have preached nine hundred and eleven sermons, attended more than eight hundred prayer-meetings, made about eight thousand pastoral calls and visits. As a church and congregation we have paid off a debt of three thousand dollars, and built a primary Sunday-school room at an expense of several hundred dollars. Beginning with \$24.94 for benevolence the first year, we have during the nine years raised the sum total of \$2,343.33 for missionary objects. How well or ill our work has been done must be left to the decisions of the last Day. God has, however, greatly blessed us, and in reviewing the past, we can set up our Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us."



BALLSTON SPA BAPTIST CHURCH

XVII

BALLSTON PASTORATE. 1868-1873.

BALLSTON SPA, the county-seat of Saratoga County, was a thriving village of about five thousand inhabitants. It derived its name from Rev. Eliphalet Ball, one of its first settlers, who is also believed to have been the third cousin of George Washington. It was also believed that he was related to Edward Ball, one of the first settlers of Newark, New Jersey. To the name Ballston was added Spa, because of its mineral springs, which were quite celebrated in the early part of the nineteenth century. These springs had been injured by ponds of water connected with the mills of the village. But excellent mineral water was still obtained by artesian wells.

The Baptist church was a vigorous body, having been organized in 1791. Connected with it were many of the oldest and best families in the village. Its house of worship was of stone, and was centrally located. The excellency of this location, however, was marred by the railroad which ran just back of it.

The congregations were good both morning and evening. The Sunday-school met immediately after morning service, so that a large proportion of the scholars attended the church service. An interesting Bible class was taught by Deacon R. P. Clapp. He at once wished me to take his class. I told him that he was in the right place, and that I could do more good to the school in general by supplying vacant classes, and thus becoming acquainted with the scholars of the school. I could also keep in touch with the superintendent and exercise

a pastoral oversight of the school. I often reviewed and enforced the lesson just before the closing exercises of the school. I think I exerted a wider influence and accomplished more in this way than I could by having a stated class.

My first work was to get acquainted with the entire membership of the church and congregation. I obtained the church roll and found three hundred and ten names recorded. But the roll had been loosely kept, and had not been revised for many years. The names of some persons had not been recorded, and there were names of others who had died or removed to other places. A committee on the membership was appointed, consisting of three of our most widely acquainted members. After much labor in correspondence, inquiry, and travel they recommended the church to drop fifty-two names from the roll, and advised fourteen persons to take letters to the churches near which they resided. Our membership was decreased, but we were really strengthened; for we knew our strength, and had a more intelligent sense of our individual responsibility. In this way I came to know every member of my church and congregation.

Incidentally, I learned some of the sore trials through which the church had passed. Thirteen years before, there had been a stormy period and a considerable number had been excluded from the membership of the church. They were generally persons of good reputation, and several of them were men of means and influence. Some had died, some had removed to other places, but still a considerable number remained who felt they had been wronged. It seemed evident that there had been undue haste and wrong on both sides. An opportunity was given for any, who desired, to renew their membership by simply taking up their walk with the church. Attendance upon our services and at the communion

was regarded as a proof of their return. Within a few months ten of those who were still living within the bounds of our congregation thus signified their desire, and their names were replaced upon the church roll. This proved to be a very happy ending of a very unhappy affair. It was followed with great spiritual blessings, and with a long period of peace and prosperity. These brethren who returned became very earnest and valuable workers.

My church was partly village and partly country. Years before, it had exerted a very wide influence outside of the village. Rev. Norman Fox, who was pastor from March, 1838, to October, 1849, preached often in the country schoolhouses, where Sunday-schools were held during the summer, and gathered many members into the church from the surrounding country. But after he left, these outposts were too much neglected. The pastors may have thought that it was best to concentrate their efforts in the village, or perhaps they found three services and Sunday-schools overtaxing their energies. Whatever had been the reason for this neglect, it had resulted in the church losing much of its hold upon the country districts. Some who once were interested in our church had become indifferent. Some churchgoers had become non-churchgoers, and had no church home; some never attended any religious meeting except, it might be, a funeral.

I saw that there was a field for useful work in the several school districts surrounding our village. In only one of these districts did any pastor hold a meeting, and that only occasionally. I started occasional meetings in the schoolhouses of six districts. Once a month I preached in one of them on a Sunday afternoon, and often on a week-day evening. A week-day evening service was very acceptable to the people. Besides, in the

latter case I could use the afternoon preceding the evening meeting in calling in the neighborhood, especially on those who were not accustomed to attend any church. These meetings were productive of much good. Many of the people became interested in the church of which I was pastor, and began to attend our Sunday service in the village; and the way was prepared for evangelistic work in these districts.

With the closing weeks of 1870 many members of the church expressed earnest desires for a revival of God's work and the salvation of souls. The week of prayer was observed and we were hopeful, and during the month of January we held meetings four evenings a week. They were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment.

In the meantime, I became burdened in soul for the unsaved in one of the school districts outside of the village. At the close of one of my evening meetings I said to my brethren: "We seem to be content with having a good time in these meetings. We are not so anxious as we ought to be for the unsaved who live in the country just outside of the town. They do not come to us; I propose to go to them. Sinners here are unmoved; there I believe they will be reached. Next week we will begin meetings at the Rowley Schoolhouse."

This was about two and a half miles east of the village. A new schoolhouse had recently been built. By request I opened it with a religious service on a Sunday afternoon. I was urged to repeat my visit, and when I spoke of preaching some week-day evenings I was cordially invited to do so.

In the month of February I began meetings in this schoolhouse, two or three evenings a week, and continued them through the month of March. The house from the first was filled with serious and attentive hearers. Every week there were new inquirers and some

professed conversions. Every family in the neighborhood was reached. As a result, some excellent members came into our church, one of whom was afterward chosen a deacon. Some others united with a Methodist church about a mile and a half distant.

This success led me to carry on the same line of work in other neighborhoods. In January, 1872, I began meetings in the Courthouse Hill Schoolhouse about three miles west of the village near Ballston Center. The schoolhouse was of more than ordinary size and was well filled, irrespective of the state of the weather. I remember going out in a sleigh when the thermometer was nine degrees below zero. The Holy Spirit was present in power. I recall one evening when fourteen manifested their desire to become Christians. The majority of the converts united with our church in the village; some of the others joined the Presbyterian church at the Center or the Methodist church in the village.

Any one who has lived in a summer resort knows what is often experienced in church life and church work. For three or four months the people are all so taken up with the entertainment of visitors and boarders that the meetings of the church, and public and private duties of the Christian life, are sadly neglected. Saratoga was regarded as specially brilliant at the height of the boarding season. The races and every kind of entertainment and amusement were gotten up in their most attractive form. Ballston felt the influence. It had once been noted as a watering-place, and still had some attractions. There was the county fair, and races, and the various popular amusements. We felt these influences in the church life—among our church-members and on our young people.

The evil seemed to be on the increase. A kind of infatuation was getting hold of some. I therefore preached a series of sermons on social evils, taking a

wide range, including horse-racing, gambling, and dancing. Considerable excitement ensued. The local papers took notice. Articles pro and con were written. Out of the pulpit I had nothing to say. I left this to others. One evening the Presbyterian pastor and congregation dismissed their own service and came to ours. I recommended healthful recreation, mental improvement, useful and Christian work, which would more than take up the time that any had to spare. I advocated the cultivation of our social nature, and especially the art of conversation which would be at once most useful and most delightful. Thus I would substitute something in the place of frivolous amusements that would elevate the soul, enrich the mind, and bless ourselves and others.

Early in this series of discourses some of our members trembled for the ark of God. But as we proceeded they gained courage, and as we were about concluding one of the leading brethren clapped me on the shoulder, saying: "At first I was afraid you would injure yourself and the cause, but you are coming out all right." Some of our best young people expressed gratitude for my words of counsel and warning. My evening congregations ever after continued larger than before. One of the leaders in balls and dancing parties was a constant attendant. When asked the reason, he replied: "I like to hear an honest man, one who has the courage to preach his convictions."

Early in the month of March, 1873, I began meetings in the Seaman Schoolhouse, about two and a half miles north of the village on the road to Saratoga. This was a very needy field—much Sabbath desecration; very few attended church. The young people were much given to sports and to wandering about the fields on Sunday. From the very beginning the Spirit was present with power. The whole neighborhood was reached. The

schoolhouse was filled every night. Sinners were convicted of sin; prodigals returned; young converts rejoiced in a newly found Saviour. Sabbath desecration ceased, and the people generally attended public worship; and a goodly number professed their faith in baptism. A Sunday-school was started, which continued in successful operation for several years after my leaving Ballston.

I also held a few meetings at East Line, three miles east, where several professed conversion. And other fields were opening. I began to receive invitations to hold meetings in schoolhouses farther away from the village. But having labored in the immediate adjoining districts, it seemed now to be the time for concentrating our efforts upon the village itself. I therefore arranged, early in the sixth year of my Ballston pastorate, with Rev. H. G. DeWitt, the evangelist, to assist me in a series of meetings in our church in the village during the fall or winter. I hoped thus to consolidate the work, and cultivate a feeling among all who had united with us from the country districts that they had a church home in the village, and at the same time to reach many others who were unsaved. But these plans were never carried out. I was unexpectedly and providentially called to another field of labor.

XVIII

WORK ON COMMENTARY—CLOSE OF BALLSTON PASTORATE

I HAVE already written about my commentary work at Elizabeth. This I resumed at Ballston as soon as I was settled in the parsonage. Adopting the same system of study as at New Market and Elizabeth, about sixteen hours a week were devoted to the commentary on the Gospels.

Early in 1869 I was nearing the end of my commentary on the Gospel of Matthew, and in the spring I took a portion of it to Dr. T. J. Conant, of Brooklyn, New York, for examination and suggestion. I felt more indebted to him than to any other teacher, and while I had never said anything to him about preparing a commentary on the Bible, I had frequently visited him and consulted him in regard to textual and philological difficulties. After looking over my manuscript, he suggested the preparation of a new English harmony of the four Gospels. He said that he noticed that I had given considerable attention to Gospel harmony, and that there was need for such a work; that Doctor Robinson's work was falling into disuse and needed revision; that he had lately endeavored to buy a copy, but failed to find it after calling at several bookstores in New York.

After consultation with Dr. H. C. Fish, I began preparing the harmony at once. I had already gone over the Gospels twice chronologically and harmonically, making Dr. Edward Robinson my principal guide, but reaching different results in some important particulars. I now extended my studies with the aid of leading har-

monists, ancient and modern, going over the Gospels twice again. Everything was favorable for my work. The summer was cool and healthful. My pastoral work was comparatively light. I exchanged with several neighboring pastors. Several of my ministerial brethren were visiting in Ballston, and preached for me. I took no vacation, but put in twenty-five to thirty hours a week upon the "Harmony."

After five months of incessant toil I had the "Harmony of the Gospels" ready for the press. I took it to Doctor Conant, who approved the plan. It was arranged that he write the introduction. This did much toward giving the work a favorable reception.

Now came the "tug of war" in securing a publisher. No one seemed willing to undertake the publication without financial help, and what appeared to be the lion's share of the profits. But Mr. S. W. Green, of New York, finally agreed to print and assist in publishing my "Harmony" and commentary and await financial returns for payment. So I put both works to press, the "New Harmony of the Four Gospels in English," and the commentary, under the unpretentious title, "Notes on the Gospel of Matthew."

The printers pushed their work vigorously, but much delay was caused by the several proof-readings and the arranging of parallel columns. The patience of both compositors and proof-readers was severely tried, and their language, I was told, was not always suited to clerical ears. It was not till the middle of March that the "Harmony" appeared, and "Notes on Matthew" did not come out till the middle of June.

Both volumes were favorably received, especially the "Harmony," which at once enjoyed an encouraging sale. Among others, the "Sunday School Times" gave a flattering notice of the "Harmony." On the twentieth of

April, 1871, I attended an educational convention in Brooklyn, and met Dr. J. A. Broadus for the first time. I gave him a copy of the "Harmony" for examination. He had been using Dr. Edward Robinson's "Harmony" in teaching the English New Testament in the Southern Theological Seminary. But he now decided to adopt this new "Harmony" as a text-book, and gave a large order for copies. For over twenty years he continued its use, and his great influence did much in extending the circulation of both the "Harmony" and "Notes on the Gospels." For his many kind words spoken in their behalf I hold him in grateful remembrance.

But while the outlook was very propitious and I was bending all my energy in preparing my commentary on Mark, making it a volume independent of Matthew, a dark shadow fell upon the publishing work by the great fire in Chicago, which began October seventh, 1871, and continued till Tuesday morning, October tenth. Chicago had been the best market for my books. My most enterprising publisher was there. A Sunday-school publisher was also doing much in selling the "Harmony." The fire burned them out completely, and they lost almost everything. Not only was the Chicago trade reduced almost to nothing, but I received but little of what was owing me. A note of two hundred dollars went to protest a week after the fire, and several hundred dollars more was never paid. I found it necessary to go into the bank and negotiate for over a thousand dollars to meet the demands of my creditors. It became a source of great inconvenience and anxiety.

It was about this time that the American Baptist Publication Society appointed a committee to examine my "Notes on Matthew" in connection with another similar work, as already related. The committee having made a favorable report, the secretary, B. Griffith, D. D.,

wrote me as to terms whereby the Society might become the publisher of the volume. An arrangement was entered into—the Society publishing the commentary, paying me a liberal royalty, and I still owning the plates. I continued the entire control of the “Harmony of the Gospels,” going to the entire expense of its publication.

In the spring of 1872 I had “Notes on Mark” ready for the press. I had bestowed upon it much labor, making it independent of “Notes on Matthew.” At the end of the volume I added a “Year in Mark,” consisting of fifty-two lessons on that Gospel, designed to excite a more diligent study of the second Gospel, and to bring it up to at least a common level, in the popular heart, with the other Evangelists. The volume came out at the close of 1872 with the imprint of the American Baptist Publication Society, under the same arrangement as that of Matthew. The volume was favorably received, and had an encouraging sale.

With 1873 I began to feel the effect of my manifold labors. I saw that the time would soon come when I must lighten my burdens. Several ways were suggested. Some friends in New York and New Jersey proposed that I should give up my pastorate and devote myself entirely to my commentary. Pledges were made toward my support, amounting to a thousand dollars a year to continue several years. I said I would do so if one thousand, five hundred dollars a year was guaranteed. But friends in the Publication Society recommended that I take a less laborious pastorate. I felt that I was not ready for either—that my work at Ballston was such that I must remain another year. While these things were going on, and I was considering what to do, the question was providentially settled by an unexpected call to become pastor at Somerville, New Jersey. Of this I shall speak later.

While at Ballston I was several times very pleasantly recognized by my brethren in a public way. On June 28, 1870, I preached the opening sermon from Romans 7:25 before the Saratoga Baptist Association at Northville, New York, and was chosen moderator. The Association at that time consisted of twenty-four churches, with a total membership of three thousand, six hundred and fifty-four.

In May, 1871, I attended the closing exercises and commencement of Rochester Theological Seminary, as one of the Examining Committee. I served on this committee four years, one year after going to New Jersey. I thus came into close contact with Dr. E. G. Robinson, my former instructor in theology; with Dr. H. B. Hackett, the eminent New Testament philologist, who treated me with great kindness and showed great interest in my literary work; and with Dr. Augustus H. Strong, who became the worthy and able president of the seminary in 1872.

In May, 1871, I also attended the commencement at Hamilton (since Colgate University) by invitation, and made one of the addresses at the alumni dinner. On the fourth of August I was moderator of the Council at Amsterdam, New York, which ordained William M. Lawrence pastor of the Baptist church in that city. Brother Lawrence has since then become eminent in very useful and successful pastorates in Philadelphia, Chicago, and Orange, New Jersey.

On October 22, 1872, I attended the Pastoral Conference of the State of New York at Gloversville, and read a paper on "The Scope of Effective Sunday-school Instruction." This appeared in the October number of the "Baptist Quarterly," 1877.

On the thirteenth of February, 1873, I was moderator of a Council at Galway, New York, which ordained

John Humpstone to the Baptist ministry. Brother Humpstone has been a highly honored pastor in Brooklyn, New York, for many years.

The following letter explains itself:

ROCHESTER, July 6, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR: It becomes my duty and pleasure to inform you that the University of Rochester, at its last Commencement on the third inst., conferred upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. The trustees and faculty have taken this action in view of long and faithful Christian labor made efficient by earnest and successful studies in Exegesis. Personally, I beg leave to ask that you will give us your sympathy and cooperation in the arduous work in which we are engaged.

Yours very truly,

M. B. ANDERSON.

I have already referred to special meetings during the first three months of 1873, first at the church in the village, then in the Seaman Schoolhouse, and at the East Line. Much religious interest and the conversion of souls attended these efforts. When the month of April came I found needed rest. The breaking up of winter, muddy roads, and bad traveling made it an opportune time to be away a few days, as the congregations would not be of usual size for a Sunday or two. I took advantage of circumstances, and made a ten days' visit to friends in New Jersey.

While here I preached on Sunday, April twentieth, for the church at Somerville. Nothing was then said to me about becoming pastor of the church, and such a thing was farthest from my thoughts.

The latter part of the same week I returned to Ballston, and was in my own pulpit the following Sunday. I continued to perfect my plans for my next fall and winter work in the village and surrounding country. But

some time in the month of May I received a call to the pastorate of the church at Somerville. This was a great surprise and entirely unexpected. But the call came in such a way that I felt I must give it my prayerful consideration. And, on making another visit, I was deeply impressed that I had a work here to do, and that the Lord had placed before me an open door.

During all my labors at Ballston I had felt that in due time I would return to New Jersey, and perhaps occupy a smaller field, where I could devote more time to my commentary. But the time came sooner than I expected. On June twenty-fifth I resigned my pastorate at Ballston to take effect on September first.

During the two months that remained to my pastorate I was very busy both in the village and in the country school districts. I endeavored to make my work as complete as possible, so that the church should receive no detriment by my leaving, and be in the very best condition for my successor. My last Sunday was August thirty-first. By a special vote of the church the Lord's Supper was observed in the morning, and I preached my last discourse as pastor from Hebrews 12:1, 2. Though it rained a little in the morning, the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The day before there was a large attendance at the covenant meeting. In the evening Rev. John Humpstone, of Galway, preached, and the service closed with a parting hymn by the choir and congregation. Thus ended one of the pleasantest pastorates of earth.

I spent two or three days in visiting among the people, preaching in the Rowley Schoolhouse Wednesday evening from 1 Corinthians 3:11, and left with my family Thursday, September fourth, by evening train and Albany boat for New York, and arrived the next day at Somerville.

XIX

THE SOMERVILLE PASTORATE

SOMERVILLE, the county-seat of Somerset County, was at that time a beautiful village of about four thousand inhabitants. One mile to the west was Raritan, a village of one thousand, eight hundred inhabitants. In these two villages there were three large Reformed churches, the whole region having been originally settled by Hollanders. There was a Roman Catholic church in Raritan, that being a manufacturing town; a small Methodist church in each village, and a small Episcopal church in Somerville.

The Baptist meeting-house was situated at the west end of Somerville so as to accommodate members of the church living in Raritan. The church was organized in 1843, and during its first pastorate, that of Rev. Henry C. Fish, which continued five and a half years, it attained a membership of ninety-two. For twenty-five years after this the membership varied but little as to numbers, sometimes above and sometimes below one hundred. But Somerville was a staid community, where generation after generation had been trained in the Reformed faith and practice, and where every one had his church relations definitely fixed. Plodding and persistent toil was needed, and progress was necessarily slow. Baptists, as a rule, became such through positive convictions. The Baptist church, however, though small, held a respectable position in the community. Its membership was made up of people of sterling worth and of decided piety. On all moral and religious questions they gave

forth no uncertain sound. From the beginning of the church there were men among them of standing and influence in the town. I well remember my surprise at the first prayer-meeting I attended, to see more men than women present. This was not an uncommon occurrence in that little church.

Our meetings both on Sundays and week-days were held in the basement of the new edifice, which was not yet completed. The old one on Main Street had been built with poor mortar, and had been condemned as unsafe. The lot had been sold, and the brick had been used in the new house on High Street. The parsonage on Main Street had also been sold, and a new one was promised to be built on the church property on High Street. The new house was completed at an expense of fifteen thousand dollars and dedicated free from debt on December 4, 1873. The new parsonage was built during the autumn and winter, and the pastor and family occupied it April 1, 1874. We had hoped to have it also free from debt, but the great financial depression of 1873 prevented raising the money, and a debt of over three thousand dollars was left on the property.

The prospects of the church were excellent. The activity and cooperation of the members and their friends was inspiring. The Sunday-school was in good condition, and there was a large attendance of the young upon the church services. The new meeting-house doubtless was an impetus to church attendance. Besides, there were several large families in the church, and their young people had a drawing influence upon others. Just before a Sunday evening service in the summer of 1874 I counted twenty-six horses and buggies belonging to those who had come to the service. Often every seat was occupied, and the aisles were filled with chairs to accommodate the congregation.

Under these circumstances I determined to give special attention to the young. The first Sunday evening of each month was devoted to them by use of special preaching or a quarterly concert or a service for the Sunday-school. Attention was given to congregational singing, and occasionally a praise service was held on a Sunday evening. Variety was sought in all our services, and sameness, running in grooves, as far as possible, was avoided. Church socials were held now and then, at which all classes and ages could meet and know one another better. Hand-shaking was encouraged after our services. The people did not hurry out from church, but stopped to greet one another and learn of one another's welfare. So the interest did not abate, but rather increased. Attachments were formed and strengthened for the church and the people. It was not the preacher so much as the religious and social influence which drew and kept up the congregations.

The spiritual tide was evidently rising, and after the dedication of the church, it seemed evident that great blessings were in store for us. The spirit of prayer and the desire for the salvation of souls was on the increase. The week of prayer was observed with much interest in connection with other churches of the town. A special meeting of prayer of great power was also held by our own people.

My own feelings became intense. The Sunday evening service, January 11, 1874, was of profound interest. I can recall no service of greater solemnity during my pastorate in Somerville. Many remembered it, and years afterward referred to it. An after-meeting was held. Fervent prayers were offered. Christians asked prayers for themselves and for their unconverted friends. It was decided to hold some extra meetings as the Spirit might direct.

For two months we held, in addition to our Sabbath services, four or five evening meetings a week. The weather was often unpleasant and the walking muddy. The street was somewhat new, and the sidewalks were not all finished. Yet the people came in large numbers. Some Sundays were stormy, but the house was always open, and there was always a service; and some of the best meetings were held when the weather was most forbidding. The work was quite largely among young married people. Over fifty professed conversion, and forty-five were baptized into the fellowship of the church.

The spiritual condition of the church continued good through the summer and autumn; and as the winter approached there were signs of a renewal of blessings, an increase of prayer and Christian activity. Extra meetings were held in January and February. At the communion, the first Sunday of March, thirteen who had been recently baptized received the hand of fellowship. There were others who professed conversion or were inquiring.

The month of March was spent in looking after young converts and inquirers. But while very busy and most hopeful I was suddenly stricken down from my work. At the close of the extra meetings I had felt a physical reaction, a certain "goneness" indescribable. I was getting back to my normal condition, when I took a cold, which developed into a slight attack of pneumonia. I was forty-four years old, and I afterward learned that it was a critical period of weakness in my family. My grandfather, Edward Clark, died of similar disease at that age. My father also had pneumonia at the same age, and suffered weakness from it for more than a year. I little thought when taken down, as it seemed very slight, that I should suffer the results from it a much longer time.



MRS. G. W. CLARK

In a few weeks I began to mend, and on the twenty-fifth of April I went to church in the morning and preached. Thus I brought on a recurrence of fever, which subsided in a few days, but developed an over-worked and irritated brain, especially on the left side. The doctors told me it would take a long time to recover, and advised me to give up all thought of hard study and literary work. Such news was a terrible shock to my feelings. Never had my prospects been brighter. To be laid aside in the midst of cheering and fruitful labor, to be unable to go about, or even to sit up, for months, to give up plans and hopes, simply to do nothing and perhaps to bring my active life to a close—the thought was almost unbearable! I had often consoled the afflicted and advised submission to the Divine Will. I now found it was one thing to preach and quite another thing to practise! For nearly five months I was compelled to keep my bed, not being able to sit up without great pain in the head. After I began to sit up it was only with heroic effort that I increased the length of time from day to day. It took four months before I could sit up all day. To do this was one of the greatest struggles of my life. To walk down-stairs seemed a herculean task, accomplished only after many days. For a year I read only the captions of papers and books, and wrote scarcely a postal. Mrs. Clark often read to me, and thus kept me a little informed of what was going on in the outside world.

During the whole time of my sickness and convalescence my church showed me great kindness and sympathy. And it was not confined to them nor to the congregation. About fifty of my brethren, pastors of churches in the Central and East New Jersey Associations, volunteered to give each a Sunday, and thus supply my pulpit for a year. Many of these who then

were in good health and who looked upon my condition as almost hopeless, and thought my life-work done, have passed away, while I still live in the enjoyment of good health. One still living, on meeting me exclaimed: "You seem to me almost a miracle; I never thought you would be able to preach again."

The many months that I was shut up in my room, or shut out from active work, gave me time for reflection. I saw that for twelve years I had scarcely given myself a day's rest. My study, my people, my pulpit, and my many meetings had so taken my whole time as to take me almost entirely from my family. I saw that I had not given to the Lord or to myself the seventh part of my time for rest as I ought. I recalled how the children of Judah had neglected and profaned their Sabbaths, and they were given over to captivity, to "fulfil the word of Jehovah by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed its Sabbaths: for as long as it lay desolate it kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years." It occurred forcibly to me that perhaps I would be laid aside until I should make up the rest days that I had omitted.

I reviewed my preaching and the truths I had presented. I saw that I had been falling into the currents of the times, in overlooking repentance too much while enjoining faith in Jesus Christ; that in dwelling upon the love of God I had sometimes passed over the severer doctrines of the word. I resolved that if I ever returned to the pastorate I would emphasize "repentance toward God" as well as "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," and "knowing the fear of the Lord I would persuade men."

As the spring of 1876 came on I began to ride out and walk about. I could read and write to a limited extent, but could not converse without pain in the head. It was

determined that I should spend the summer in Vermont. So with the beginning of June I went to Halifax, Vermont, with my family, which consisted of my wife and four children, and occupied the homestead of my father-in-law. It was one thousand, nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, with scenery equaling almost that of the Alps. The splendid views of hills, mountains, and valleys; the pure, cool, bracing air; the healthful spring water; and the restful quiet of the country did me great good. I found myself gaining daily though slowly in brain and nerve.

Halifax had once been a thriving town, but it had decreased by more than half of its population. The churches as a consequence had suffered depletion. Some had become extinct. The Baptist church at the Center had lost by deaths and removals. It was without pastor, prayer-meeting, and Sunday-school. The people seemed discouraged or indifferent. We had often witnessed here good congregations, and all appointments kept up when Elder Fish was pastor, but now there seemed to be spiritual desolation. Three Sabbaths passed with no meeting, all quiet like the stillness of death. We could endure it no longer. Mrs. Clark and I borrowed a horse and buggy and called upon some members of the church and congregation, and arranged for a prayer and praise meeting the next Sunday. A goodly number assembled. I led the meeting, speaking only a minute or two. One of the brethren read a passage of Scripture and prayed. Others took part in conference, prayer, or singing. My oldest daughter, Carrie, who was getting up a class in music, played the organ and led the singing. The people were interested, and concluded to revive the Sunday-school and hold a similar meeting next Sunday.

In the meantime we obtained from Brattleboro a number of the Moody and Sankey Gospel Hymns, No. 1,

which were new here. They added much to the interest of our meetings. Thus we continued with an occasional sermon from some one till the first of October. It was soon found that there were inquirers. Several asked the prayers of Christians for themselves. Mrs. Clark held a weekly meeting at our home for young converts and those anxious for their souls' salvation. The Spirit was at work with convicting and converting power. Rev. H. C. Fish, of Newark, New Jersey, visited this, his native place, the first of September, baptized seven converts, preached, and broke bread. Others were ready for the ordinance.

We always look back with pleasure to that summer in Halifax. It was a bright spot in our days of afflictions. It was a joy to feel that God was still willing to work through us. Blessings came to our own household, and to many other homes. We left for Somerville on the seventh of October. Before leaving, we arranged that the church should be supplied with preaching. The people were encouraged and hopeful. The influence of those meetings and God's work was felt for many days.

While my health was greatly improved, it was not deemed prudent by my physician and by my brethren that I resume preaching. This I am convinced was the wisest course, and contributed to the extension of life and to enlarged usefulness. When one is severely broken down it pays to take time to recover. It seemed best to limit myself to pastoral work, to occasional brief expositions of Scripture from the pulpit, and to short addresses at prayer-meetings. Pastoral work was a pleasure, and brief expositions of Scripture a delight. Time passed pleasantly with daily contact with my people and personal work from house to house. I did this in a limited way, always careful not to go beyond my strength and to stop when I began to be weary. This also tended to

satisfy my people, who were ever ready to protest whenever I spoke of resigning my pastorate.

I was fortunate to obtain as an assistant Rev. H. W. Jones, who had lately resigned at East Elizabeth, on account of the great financial depression which had caused the removal of many members of his church and thrown others out of employment. He preached for me six months on Sundays, except when the pulpit was otherwise providentially provided for. He then was called to be pastor at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he did a good work. He afterward labored in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

In my pastoral work I soon discovered that there was yet a harvest to be gathered. I at once thought of the evangelist, Rev. H. G. DeWitt. As I had engaged him to assist me at Ballston, but had disappointed him by leaving before the time came and removing to Somerville, I concluded to write him at a venture. He replied that he would come immediately after Thanksgiving.

He preached two Sundays and ten week-day evenings. Other churches in the town were blessed as well as our own. After he left a deep interest continued. After-meetings were held on Sunday evenings, and an increase of prayer-meetings during the week. Many professed conversion. Great care was taken in receiving them for baptism. It is better and easier to keep unworthy and unconverted persons out of the church than to get them out when once they are in. During the months of December and January thirty were baptized. On December thirty-first I baptized my only son, George, and my second daughter, Bertha. The latter, I think, was converted in the meetings at Halifax, Vermont, the summer preceding. My youngest daughter, Lillie, was greatly interested in the meetings, and perhaps was then the subject of the renewing grace of God, though a few years

after this, when she made an open profession, she dated her conversion to a later time.

Each year the church and congregation gave me a donation visit. These visits were exceedingly pleasant. The church and congregation came together socially and religiously. A common interest in one another and in their pastor was fostered. I greatly appreciated their gifts and the spirit in which they were made. This year, 1877, the visit was made on the first day of February. The attendance was large, and the gifts unusually generous. Social and Christian fellowship united in making it most enjoyable.

With the beginning of my Somerville pastorate I resumed my commentary work with renewed zeal. From sixteen to twenty hours a week was devoted to this work. Never did I enjoy this and all my labors more. I felt that I was in just the place God would have me. When I was laid aside I was near the completion of "Notes on the Gospel of Luke." For a year I was unable to give scarcely any attention to writing or to the business or management of my works. Mrs. Clark attended to my correspondence and necessary business.

But things could not go on in this way; I must lighten responsibility and throw off care and business. I therefore authorized Dr. H. C. Fish, of Newark, to sell the plates of the "Harmony of the Gospels," "Notes on Matthew," and "Notes on Mark," reserving for me the royalty usually given to authors. Accordingly, he sold them to the American Baptist Publication Society, December, 1875, at a reasonable and satisfactory figure, with the understanding that the Society would be at the whole expense of publishing Notes on Luke and John when ready. I at once arranged with Dr. J. W. Willmarth, Prof. H. Harvey, D. D., and Prof. George R. Bliss, D. D., to assist in the completion of Luke. The

entire manuscript on Luke was put into the hands of Dr. George W. Anderson, the book editor of the Publication Society, early in June, who gave it a final and careful reading. The volume was published in the autumn of 1876.

During the winter and spring of 1877 the Somerville church was enjoying a high state of spiritual prosperity. The Sunday congregations were large; the Sunday-school had never been better, and the prayer-meetings were full of interest. Church work was increasing on my hands. While I could attend to pastoral calling and oversight, I saw much more was needed in public preaching and instruction. Rev. H. W. Jones, my assistant for six months, accepted the pastorate at Bordentown. For preaching we must depend on supplies for a year or more before it would be prudent for me to preach and enter fully upon the work of the pastorate. Feelings of responsibility pressed upon me, and anxiety lest the cause should suffer. The young converts needed to be trained, and the unsaved to be reached. In view of all this I felt I ought to surrender my work to other hands. I talked over the matter with my deacons. At first they thought I need give myself no concern, since the church was getting along so well. I, however, insisted and they withdrew objections.

Thus closed a brief but a very eventful pastorate of one of the best of churches. Sacred indeed are the memories that cluster around that people and my work among them. The very thought of those days and of the love and generous kindness shown me, calls forth a most grateful response, and fills my heart with praise to God. And it proved to be my last pastorate. This I did not anticipate at the time. It seemed very plain that I should give up pastoral work for the present. This was the work of my choice, and I stood ready to reenter it

whenever God should make it plainly my duty. For over twenty-one years I had been pastor, changing from one church to another without a single day intervening. My last two pastorates had come to me without my seeking. In both cases the door opened and duty was plain. Now I did not feel at liberty to seek a pastorate or choose my work. I felt that God would choose for me, and make my duty so plain that I could not mistake it. And I think he has, but sometimes, it seems to me, I have followed very far off and at a very slow gait.

XX

THE INTERIM

THE interim covers a period of three years between pastoral work and missionary work with the American Baptist Publication Society. Early in 1877 I went with my family to Halifax, Vermont, where I spent five months, living as in the preceding year at the homestead of my father-in-law, Elder Samuel Fish. Here I looked after the farm in a general way, superintended repairs upon the house, and gave a little time to general reading and study. My daughter Carrie taught the public school, the summer term, and gave music lessons to several pupils. The Baptist church was in a much better condition than the year before, and had regular preaching. There was a good interest in the Sunday-school.

Many are the incidents that linger in my memory. But nothing impressed me so much as the last visit of Rev. H. C. Fish to his native town during the latter part of August. I met him at Shelburne Falls with horse and buggy and brought him to our home, and with us and his brother James near-by he passed most of his time. We were surprised to see him somewhat emaciated and lacking in his usual vigor. There was a foreshadowing of the end near at hand. He was doing his last work, and taking a final adieu of the scenes of his early years.

On Sunday, August nineteenth, he preached from Acts 25: 12: "Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? unto Cæsar shalt thou go." It was a simple, pointed, and solemn discourse to the unconverted, which some present will never forget. Only once after this did he preach, two weeks

later at Shelburne, Massachusetts. A day or so later we took him where the old meeting-house of his childhood and youth stood. He carefully described where his father preached for many years, and spoke of the precious revivals there enjoyed. We then went to the baptizing-place, in a stream a few rods distant. He pointed to the spot where his father stood when administering the ordinance; stepping upon a stone near the middle of the stream, he pointed close by, saying: "Just about there is the place where I was baptized about forty years ago last January."

The last day before he left he went with me to the barn, and pointed out an upper loft where he was wont, when a boy, to retire for prayer. "I got away as far as I could," said he, "so no one would see me. How strange it is that the devil makes us so afraid of duty." Early the next morning he left for Brattleboro to see his aged father, then nearly ninety years of age. He bade us adieu from the stage, and looking back at the old homestead, he said pleasantly to us, "Keep up good cheer," and passed on, never to look again upon the home of his childhood.

Little did I think two years before, when he kindly ministered to me in my weakness, that he would be called home before me. But daily he grew weaker. After remaining a few weeks at Shelburne he went to his home in Newark, where he passed away gloriously in the triumphs of faith.

While Doctor Fish was on this last visit to Halifax he arranged with me to act as agent in the State of New Jersey for his last publication, "Bible Lands Illustrated." This I did for three years, and it yielded me considerable revenue. Previous to this he had helped me to arrange with several scholarly brethren for preparatory work on the Gospel of John. Their contributions were of great

value, which I revised, brought together, and wrought into unity. Thus I was able to bring out my Commentary on John in the spring of 1879. It seemed therefore fitting that I should dedicate it to him.

I returned to Somerville on the sixteenth of October. My health was improved, but I was not yet able to speak loud enough or long enough to preach. I received a hearty welcome from many friends, and at once turned my attention to business as I was able. During the autumn and winter I visited Plainfield, Flemington, and New Brunswick, and did considerable in the sale of Doctor Fish's "Bible Lands Illustrated." I also received orders for family Bibles and for my own publications. By these means I was able to pay my rent and support my family.

As the spring of 1878 drew near I was advised by my physician to continue outdoor work and to live in the open air as much as possible. I bought a horse and carriage, and in my own conveyance continued my book business in the State of New Jersey. From the middle of April to the first of December I passed through sixteen counties, traveling three thousand miles and visiting eighty Baptist churches and Sunday-schools, and many preachers and Sunday-school workers of other denominations. I was kindly received everywhere. Besides disposing of a large number of "Bible Lands Illustrated," I sold eight hundred copies of my own works.

My health continued to improve so that I preached a short discourse in the Baptist church at Toms River on Sunday evening July fourteenth—the first sermon for three and a quarter years. Between this time and December I preached at Deckertown (now Sussex), Bloomingdale, Imlaystown, Baptisttown, Salem, and Bridgeton. My preaching was simply talks, without taking any other part of the service. This was indeed the measure of my

nervous strength. I adopted a quiet, conversational style of speaking, which I have continued ever since, as best suited to me. It has much to commend it. It gives ease and self-possession, and often is most effective in gaining the ears and hearts of the hearers, and taking hold of their sympathies.

During the winter that followed I worked very moderately, visiting a few places on business, and preached six times. At home I did some studying, getting out my Commentary on the Gospel of John, and going over the Acts of the Apostles in the Greek.

In the spring I started with my own conveyance to complete the work which I had left unfinished the year before. In addition to my book business I visited pastors and churches in the interest of the New Jersey Baptist State Convention. I drove to South Jersey, where I remained a month. Then I went into northern Jersey, and, passing into New York State, I spent a Sunday with a college classmate, Rev. Daniel C. Litchfield, at Warwick, New York. July found me a few days at my home in Somerville, where I preached to my former people, Sunday, July fifth, from Matthew 15: 21-28—the first full discourse I had given them for over four years.

During this season I attended the North Baptist Association, which convened at Deckertown (now Sussex) in June; the West Baptist Association at Greenwich in September; and the Central Baptist Association at Somerville in October. At each of these I made an address in behalf of the missionary work of the State Convention. The last week in October the State Convention held its fiftieth anniversary with the First Baptist Church of New Brunswick. I reported my work for the convention to the Board, especially among non-contributing churches, and recommended an enlargement of the work and the employment of a general State missionary, or

missionaries for evangelistic work in destitute fields and weak churches. This has been carried out very effectively of late years under Rev. D. Dewolf and several evangelists.

In the autumn I began to preach occasionally twice a day on Sunday. This was sometimes a severe task. I remember that I was compelled to stop in the middle of my evening discourse at Jacobstown, and ask Rev. A. J. Hay, the pastor, to finish the service, which he did with a few remarks. This was the only time I abruptly ended my sermon, though I found it necessary several times to shorten my discourse, to the gratification of my hearers, it may be.

My preaching then and ever since has been without manuscript. My eyesight seemed a little defective for reading, without closely confining myself to my notes. I adopted the plan of thinking over my discourse without writing, carrying the divisions and subdivisions in my mind, and allowing considerable freedom in clustering thoughts and illustrations around them. Most of my sermons were expository or semiexpository; the Scripture itself afforded the most natural guide both to the train of thought and to the lessons enforced. The conversational style which I had adopted seemed better fitted to extemporaneous than to written address.

With the beginning of 1880 I felt I ought to give myself more fully to the active work of the ministry, as pastor or stated supply. Preaching twice a day was a considerable strain upon the brain. I could not do it without some suffering and much weariness. Still I resolved to continue preaching quietly as the Lord gave me opportunity, without anxiety about myself.

Early in March I was at Roselle. Here I found old friends who had been members of my church or congregation at Elizabeth. The question was broached

whether I would become pastor of the Baptist church there. I supplied them two or three Sundays, and on the last Sunday the senior deacon wished to call the church together in order to invite me to take their pastorate. I asked them to wait a little, as another matter had just been brought to my attention.

The week preceding I had received a letter from Geo. J. Johnson, D. D., Missionary Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, in reference to entering their service, and I had arranged to meet Doctor Johnson on Monday morning following at the Publication Society's rooms in New York. The meeting took place, and we discussed the matter in its practical bearings.

I had longingly looked forward to another pastorate. I could take a small church. The duties at Roselle would be less arduous than any of my pastorates except the first. And I could be home with my family instead of being away the greater part of the time. But then the work on the field and in the open air, such as the service of the Society afforded, was what I needed for building up my health. Besides, this had come to me unexpectedly. It seemed, coming as it did at that time, a remarkable providence. I decided to enter the Society's service, and in a few days I received an appointment as General Colporter and Collecting Agent in the State of New Jersey, work to begin on the first of April. Special attention was to be given to the missionary work during spring, summer, and autumn, and to secretary or collecting work during the unpleasant and winter months.

XXI

IN THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY

MY traveling and business experience throughout the State of New Jersey during the two preceding years was a good preparation for my work. I knew New Jersey and its people well. Few knew it better; none loved it more. While realizing that the field was the world, my heart went out especially for my country and my own State.

I began at once to give attention to mission fields, weak churches, and needy Sunday-schools. During eight months I traveled over three thousand miles in my own conveyance, visiting forty-five churches and Sunday-schools on the Lord's Day, and over thirty others in the weektime. The remaining four months were devoted to securing contributions for the Society's missionary work. The amount of collections to the Society was more than doubled. By pursuing a more general plan the next year, and not limiting my efforts for contributions to the winter months, that amount was trebled. During this first year I preached one hundred times, made twenty-seven addresses, and gave forty talks to Sunday-schools; sold or gave away four hundred and twenty-eight copies of Scripture, seven hundred volumes of books, and distributed three thousand, four hundred pages of tracts. I found some time for reading and for study during the winter months.

The Society gave me large liberty in choosing and planning my missionary work within reasonable bounds. I

sought variety in my work, not doing the same thing year after year. One year I gave special attention to Sunday-schools, another to feeble churches and destitute fields, another to supplying Bible destitution, another to the distribution of good books and tracts, another to the foreign population of the State, and so on. The Society celebrated the Robert Raikes Sunday-school Centenary in 1880. This fitted in nicely with my Sunday-school work of that and the following year. I endeavored to arouse increased interest and enthusiasm and made prominent the fact that the Publication Society was the great Sunday-school society of the denomination. I made suggestions in methods of instruction and improvements in the conduct and work of the school; upon the use of papers and Sunday-school libraries, and upon the study of the Bible and the use of helps. Naturally this resulted in an increased interest in the Society, and seventy schools promised an annual collection for its missionary work, and many others made contributions. This prepared the way for the hearty cooperation with the Society in observing Children's Day in 1884 and every year since then.

During one of these early years I visited Lafayette in Sussex County, where I found a Baptist church without Sunday services, Sunday-school, or prayer-meeting. Under their last pastor they had attempted to repair and build, but, he leaving, they had been unable to finish. Their house of worship had been removed from its foundation and left on timbers, exposed to the weather and going to decay. The church was thoroughly discouraged and about ready to disband. I visited them in their homes and found some disheartened, others indifferent, and a few longing and praying for better days. On Sunday afternoon I preached to them in the Presbyterian church. Soon after I reported their condition to the New Jersey Baptist Association, with which they were nomi-

nally connected. A committee was appointed to visit them, resulting in raising money among them and in the Association. The meeting-house was very soon moved upon its foundation, repaired, and made ready for use. A few days before its re-dedication I visited them again, and on Sunday afternoon I preached to a larger congregation than I had on the former visit. A cheerful, buoyant spirit pervaded the audience, and hope and thankfulness filled all hearts. A church had been saved with untold possibilities of doing good. A Sunday-school was organized which began to work in the new house on the following Sunday. The Publication Society donated a library and lesson helps.

Over twenty years have passed since then, but the church maintains its Sunday-school and the regular Sunday and week-day services. Faithful pastors have served them, and souls have been born into the kingdom. The church maintains a good standing in the community; various benevolent objects are remembered by stated offerings, and its influence is extending by means of a mission Sunday-school and mission station.

In my collecting work, I endeavored to instruct the churches in systematic benevolence—that every church should adopt some system, and then, that a system would not run itself, it must have the pastor, or a committee, to run it. A number of churches adopted systems, but strange to say, some divided the year into four parts, thus necessitating the passing over of at least one denominational object, it might be ministerial education, Bible work, or the Publication Society's missionary work!

I was accustomed to correspond with all the pastors and ascertain how many would attend to the benevolent collections. I occasionally found one who felt unable to take a collection or to carry out the details of a system; some who had no idea of a system; some who lacked cour-

age to take a contribution; and some who strangely felt that every dollar given for outside objects was just so much taken from their own support, or from church home work. Said one pastor with great solemnity, as he handed me a generous collection from his own church, "This is just so much from my own salary!" I noted, however, the fact that those churches looked after their pastors the best which were generous in their contributions to missionary objects. Another thing I noted that some pastors always had good contributions, others almost as uniformly had poor ones, and some generally made no effort unless a representative of the Society was with them. Some churches under one pastor would give liberally, and the same churches under another pastor would give sparingly or nothing at all. I have seen local and undenominational objects receiving the largest share under one pastor, while in the same church under another pastor denominational objects would receive the first attention. It was apparent that the benevolence of a church was largely under the influence and direction of its pastor. If so, how great that pastor's responsibility!

Yet there are exceptions. Some pastors have found their benevolent plans and effort obstructed by covetous brethren. Sometimes leading brethren have visions so limited and a spirit so unlike that of Christ that they oppose helping missionary objects outside of their own church and immediate vicinity. I know brethren who stay at home if a collection for missions is to be taken, or a missionary sermon to be preached, whether by a secretary, agent, or pastor. I have seen persons leave a service on finding that some subject on missions was to be presented. But generally I believe a pastor may, by wise management and instruction, overcome such obstacles, and cause such gainsayers to be so far ashamed as not seriously to hinder the good work.

It was my custom, if I made any preference between churches, to give it to the small churches. The large and strong churches with their greater number of leaders and helpers could better look after their benevolences, while the weak ones needed encouragement and the helping hand. I endeavored never to overlook a weak church in arranging my visitations. I found it needful to visit churches without pastors since, in such cases, benevolent collections would be overlooked (there were some laudable exceptions), and to help pastors who felt themselves unequal to the task, or who wished the work presented more fully than they could do it themselves. Much, however, I found could be done with churches, large or small, by correspondence with their pastors, and furnishing printed information for study and distribution.

I generally attended the associations and public gatherings at the Baptist State meetings. I found these very helpful to my work in meeting with pastors and delegates from the churches, and in getting acquainted with new brethren. The addresses I did not account for much. To speak for five or ten minutes seemed to me of little value. It gave, however, public recognition and approval of mission work and its representative. It doubtless helped pastors in their benevolent work, and tended to keep churches in mind of the same. Privately I did much more than I could do by correspondence. Brethren were interested, pledges and promises obtained, and plans matured for weeks in advance. To me these gatherings were very pleasant and profitable.

These annual gatherings also often gave me opportunity for suggesting publicly or privately needed help for some Sunday-school or church. Sometimes an incidental remark bore fruit in enlisting the interest of some one in behalf of a needy cause. I think it was in the spring of 1889 I visited Newton. I found the Baptist church in

trouble and perhaps at the lowest ebb of its history—without pastor, prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, or public service. Everything seemed demoralized and every one discouraged. Two or three days of visiting among the people were followed by opening the church on Sunday for public services and holding a session of the Sunday-school. A short time after, I attended the North New Jersey Baptist Association, which met that year at Morristown. In a brief address I incidentally referred to the condition of that church and suggested that a committee be appointed to visit, advise, and help. A young man, who was about to change his place of business, heard with deep interest. It came to him as a voice of God. He visited the place, found a providential opening for his line of trade, and saw an opportunity of work for Christ. He started business and work in the church at the same time. The Lord prospered him in both. The church revived in all its departments of labor, and ever since has prospered under excellent pastors, and he has been a leading merchant in the town.

XXII

HIGHTSTOWN AND PEDDIE INSTITUTE

I HAD for some time thought of changing my residence. I felt that as a general rule it was not best for an ex-pastor to continue to reside among his former people. My relations, however, with the pastor and people were always pleasant, and aside from my own feelings, there did not seem to be much reason for making a change. Besides, I was generally away from home on Sundays, and much of the time during the week, except in the inclement season. In my travels through the State I gave considerable thought to some new place of residence, but nothing of the kind especially appealed to me. I continued, therefore, to live very happily in Somerville.

But in the autumn of 1880 I sent my son to Hightstown to attend Peddie Institute. My oldest daughter, Carrie, had attended there six years before. I had two younger daughters who would soon need to be in such a school. I could save expense by going to Hightstown, and boarding my children at home. The town was also central in the State, and well located for my missionary and other work in the service of the Publication Society. On the first of April, 1881, we made the change of residence.

This change brought me into closer touch with all the educational movements of the Baptist denomination of the State. From my student days I had been deeply interested in the New Jersey Baptist Education Society, and after becoming a pastor I had, with my church, contributed annually to it. For several years I had been a

member of its Board of Managers. So also, as I have already related, I had been interested in Peddie Institute from its very inception. But upon coming to Hightstown I was chosen one of its incorporators, and for many years have been on the Board and connected with several of its committees. During all this time I have served on the Education Committee, and for several years as its chairman. As a consequence I have had much to do in the selection of teachers and in arranging the courses of study.

ITS PRINCIPALS

Prof. E. J. Avery was principal of the Institute when I moved to Hightstown. He was a man of good judgment, and financial ability—the man for the place, just as the institute was beginning anew after its great financial embarrassment. But he passed away from his earthly labors in 1882, beloved and lamented. He had laid a good foundation. His estimable wife, Mrs. E. M. Avery, continued for several years as matron, which position she filled with rare ability. Rev. John Greene was the next principal. He laid deep the foundations of scholarship, and with good judgment selected his helpers. He taught the Greek department and at the same time superintended the work of administration. Whatever he did he did well. Positive, firm, yet kind, with keen perceptions and quick in action, he was an excellent teacher and a good disciplinarian. It was not strange that he was called by his Alma Mater, Colgate University, first to be principal of the academy, and then professor of Latin in the university. Then came Prof. H. E. Slaughter, unsurpassed as a teacher in mathematics, which department he carried on while performing the duties of principal. Nervous and energetic, faithful and conscientious, enthusiastic, yet considerate, he taught and governed by the power of his

personality. Teachers and pupils caught something of his spirit, which pervaded the atmosphere of the school. During his administration the Longstreet Library and Scientific Building was erected. After too short a term of service he left for Chicago University, where he has won fresh laurels as teacher and professor of mathematics.

He was followed by Rev. J. E. Perry, a well-rounded man and an industrious worker. With high aims, a kind heart, and persevering efforts, he united a large amount of teaching and administrative work. He won the affections of pupils and endeavored to elevate their aims and develop character. During his time the fine dining-hall was built, which has been greatly admired for its beauty and convenience. He left in due time for further study at Harvard, whence he was called to return to the pastorate, for which he was admirably fitted by nature, grace, and education. Then came as principal Prof. Roger W. Swetland, a born teacher and leader. With a good presence and a pronounced personality he was equally good in the classroom and in the principal's chair, in devising and in executing. He wrought with great energy and was successful, not only in building up the school in scholarship and numbers, but in deepening the interest of its graduates, patrons, and friends, and in winning new friends to secondary Christian education. Under his persevering efforts the fine gymnasium was erected, and other improvements made. He still remains principal at this writing.

DENOMINATIONAL ACADEMIES

All of our principals have been good and successful men, whose Christian influence has been wrought into the lives of the pupils. Our teachers have been Christian men and women. The claims of religion, the formation

of Christian character and Christlike lives have been kept in view. Hundreds of currents of religious influences have gone forth with our students to bless the church and the world. Those who have known its internal life know how important is the Christian secondary school, and that the high school, though excellent, can never fully take its place. No denomination can afford to be without its Christian school, and least of all the Baptist denomination.

During my second year's residence in Hightstown, Miss Alice W. Vose came to the Institute as preceptress and instructor in history and literature, and for twenty-one years she filled the position with credit to herself and to the great satisfaction of the friends and patrons of the school. A fine teacher, a good disciplinarian, and conscientious in the discharge of her duties, with deep religious convictions, she was of inestimable value to the school. With motherly carefulness and solicitude she watched over the girls, and hundreds remember her with gratitude.

The Board from the beginning has been composed of noble Christian men, who spared not time, labor, or money for the highest good of the school. In the days before it had an endowment they often met with anxious hearts to consult over its financial interests. The income did not run the school. Two or three thousand dollars must be raised to meet expenses or a debt must be incurred. Plans for meeting these expenses would be discussed, retrenchments suggested, but nothing exactly seemed to meet the case. Then Deacon Thomas Burrowes, of Keyport, would rise and make an earnest appeal and remind us that our help is in God, that if any one lacked wisdom he would give it for the asking, and propose to go to him in prayer. Who should pray under such circumstances but Deacon Burrowes himself? And he did pray. From the depths of his heart and our hearts did he talk with God and bring our weakness, our

ignorance, and all our wants before him. As he prayed we could not but feel that he and we ourselves with him were getting the ear of God. When he ceased, a deep silence ensued for a few moments. Then Thomas Peddie, of Newark, or Simon Van Wickle, of New Brunswick, would say, "Let us here and now raise the money ourselves. I will give five hundred dollars." Hiram Deats, William V. Wilson, and others would join, and in a few minutes the whole amount would be secured. This was of almost yearly recurrence.

In due time the school had an endowment of one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, which relieved us financially. But times of anxiety still came. They related to teachers, methods of instruction, management, discipline, improvements, the relations to colleges and high schools and Christian education. With new conditions, extended curriculum, and greater demands for a deeper and broader education it was often felt that our endowment was entirely inadequate.

For many years I had felt a deep interest in young people who were struggling for an education, having known what that meant from my own experience. But now my connection with the Board of Peddie Institute, and my labors for the Publication Society throughout the State of New Jersey, made me a connecting link between the student and the school. As I look over my early years of missionary labor, I feel that one of my greatest opportunities for usefulness was in this respect. I was often surprised in having young men and young women seek my counsel and influence for help. Especially was this the case with young men studying for the ministry. Some made me the first one to whom they opened the desire of their hearts to preach the gospel and prepare for the ministry. My interest and sympathies were so great that my heart was very responsive. In the south-

ern part of the State I was accustomed to recommend them to South Jersey Institute, as that was its special field. But most of the applicants were in the middle or the northern portion of the State. These, for the most part, I arranged should go to Peddie Institute. Some for the first year were received for a nominal sum, some obtained work at the Institute, and some were granted a scholarship. They were among our best students, and are doing well in the ministry and in professions and vocations of life.

XXIII

MISSIONARY WORK FOR THE PUBLICATION SOCIETY CONTINUED

I HAVE already referred to visiting weak churches and destitute fields. Hampton Junction was one of these, a small railroad town, with comparatively few church-going people. A little Baptist church, for a few years, had lived a struggling life, and now seemed ready to die. It was without pastor, Sunday-school, or service of any kind. The few members were completely discouraged and were proposing to disband, sell the church property, and return the money to the original donors.

I visited among them and preached twice, and then arranged with the pastor of the Bethlehem Baptist Church at Pattenburg, six miles distant, to preach to them Sunday afternoons. Soon after, another Baptist family moved into town, which gave the little band fresh courage. A prayer-meeting was started and a Sunday-school organized, the Publication Society donating Bibles, supplies, and a library. With these came an increase in congregations and in general interest.

About a year later I obtained for them a pastor, who was richly blessed in his labors. Both church and congregation were greatly strengthened and another church was organized in Washington, a neighboring town. Other pastors have followed. The house of worship has been remodeled and beautified. And although the railroad shops have been removed and it is no longer the railroad town it was, and the church has suffered in its membership and congregations, yet the various

meetings and instrumentalities are maintained and the work goes on.

Another needy field was at Mount Salem, close to the New York State line, with a Baptist church in danger of becoming extinct. The church had seen better days and had exerted a strong influence over that region as a country church. But dissensions, removals, and death had weakened it, and a spirit of aggressiveness and enterprise seemed entirely wanting. They had no pastor and no services of any kind. I preached several times and re-organized the Sunday-school, and after a little time obtained for them a pastor. Years have passed since then; but the church lives, fulfilling its mission in that hilly and mountainous region.

In one case I visited a church, expecting to take a collection for the Publication Society. It was a small church and a limited field. The pastor had left, and the church was owing him over a hundred dollars. Brethren were seriously divided as to the time of paying this debt. Some said that it must be paid before calling another pastor, but others said that they must wait till they had their new pastor on the field. The family that entertained me was divided on the question. At breakfast, Sunday morning, I led the conversation upon the spiritual needs of the church and the necessity of pastoral labor and oversight, and the great pity that a comparatively small debt should stand in the way of securing a pastor. Then, turning to the husband I asked him, "How much do you wish the debt paid? Do you wish it five dollars' worth?" The wife at once answered, "Yes," and soon the husband united with her. Then I said, "Why not raise it to-day? Are there not others who would give the same?" They thought there were.

So we went early to the church and arranged with three or four to raise the amount that very day. I

preached on giving, and at the close of my sermon I told the people that I came to take a collection for the Publication Society, but learning that the church was owing a debt that seemed to be hindering their progress, I had concluded to try and assist them in raising an amount necessary to pay it. A young man was called to the front with pencil and paper. I then called for five-dollar subscriptions. One after another arose, saying they would give that amount. Then I called for three-dollar subscriptions; then for two, and one. A half-hour passed and there was a lull. Twenty dollars more was needed. I announced that we would now go home to our dinners, and in the evening we would raise the remainder.

The evening came. The house was filled to overflowing. The whole community was out to witness the proceeding. After my discourse I proceeded to raise the debt, which was quickly done. Praise and thanksgiving closed the service. There was, indeed, a union of hearts and hands. I suggested a good brother for pastor. He was called, and under his first year's ministry the membership of the church was doubled. Nor was I a loser. For in a few weeks the church sent the largest collection they had ever given to the Publication Society.

During two successive years I gave special attention to exploring places in New Jersey where there were no Baptist churches. I traveled about six thousand miles with my horse and carriage, and visited every part of the State. I found very many villages without a Baptist church. In some of them there was a sufficient number of Baptists to start a mission, and in a large number a family or two, without any church home. On entering a town I inquired of the postmaster and leading business men if they knew of any Baptists living in the vicinity. If there were any I sought them out, took their names, inquired into their spiritual state, and talked with them

about starting a Sunday-school or a mission, where it would be possible or advisable. I was everywhere kindly received, and often most heartily welcomed. Some had been praying for some one to come and give them a helping hand toward starting an interest. Many far away from their own church rejoiced in having a minister of their own faith visit their home.

I devoted a season more especially to the foreign population of the State, and thus came in contact with Germans, Swedes, and other nationalities. In this way I found at Egg Harbor City a company of German Baptists, who were members of the First German Baptist Church at Philadelphia. They had a small house of worship in which they held meetings and a Sunday-school. One of the brethren had conducted the public services. They were unknown to the Baptists of the State. The first time I visited them was at the time of the Atlantic County Fair, which had its grounds there. The fair began the latter part of the week and continued over Sunday, which was made a great holiday. Egg Harbor was a German city, with very few Americans in it. The services of all the churches were in German. In the public school instruction was divided equally between German and English.

I was greatly surprised on Sunday morning to find people everywhere astir, getting ready for the fair. The two railroads brought crowds of Germans and others from Philadelphia and other places. Carriages, omnibuses, and vehicles of various kinds were going and coming, and many people were seen upon the streets. The air was filled with German songs, and many men making merry with their friends at their homes over their beer. But amid all this hilarity the little company of Baptists were out at the morning service, and the Sunday-school

had about the usual attendance. In the afternoon I went out with one of the brethren to see the pastors of the other churches. I found that the services at the Lutheran, Reformed, and Moravian churches had been failures, and that the only service or Sunday-school held that day in Egg Harbor was at the little Baptist mission. I held another service in the evening.

I reported the facts concerning this mission to the Camden Association. A committee was appointed to visit it. It was in due time organized into a church and became connected with the Association. The church grew; English-speaking members were added, holding English services half the time and an English Sunday-school. It was through the influence of this church that the Sunday County Fair was discontinued.

The native Negro population of New Jersey was mostly Methodist in church relation or sentiment. Not many years ago there were but three colored Baptist churches in the State; now there are over seventy-five. A large majority of Negroes who, in late years have come from the South, have been either members of Baptist churches, or holding Baptist sentiments. They are deeply religious in their nature, and their strong emotions seek expression in open and positive expression. They did not feel at home in the white churches; neither were they happy and satisfied in uniting their efforts with their Methodist brethren. The result has been the organizing of many small Baptist churches. They have shown a very commendable missionary spirit, and put to shame many of their white brethren in their generous giving and sacrifices.

In this formative state the Negro population presented a needy missionary field. Many of them were like sheep without a shepherd and needed instruction. Pastors and leaders needed counsel and guidance. Sunday-schools

needed to be organized and helped. Parents and children needed to be taught mutual duties and obligations.

During two or three years I gave special attention to this work, visiting churches and Sunday-schools, the Afro-American Association of Northern Jersey, the Seashore Association, and the South Jersey Missionary Union, holding institutes and addressing their gatherings for enlarging their work. Whenever possible I devoted Sunday evenings to them, as their largest congregations assembled at that time. Always and everywhere I received a hearty welcome, and found a general readiness to receive advice. I look back upon none of my work with more pleasure than my labors among and in behalf of the colored people.

XXIV

RESUMING COMMENTARY WORK

AFTER I removed to Hightstown in 1881, I undertook to prepare what I thought would be my last work. Years before while at work on "Gospel Harmony" I conceived the idea of a "Harmony of the Acts of the Apostles," and also a "Harmony of the Kings of Judah and Israel," as related in the Kings and Chronicles. I had given some study to the former and some thought to the latter. But now, with broken health, and time quite full of labor, I could do neither as I would like. To do something with the Acts, noting its contact with the Gospels, the Epistles, and with the Old Testament, seemed to me to be a fitting end of my published biblical labors. I entered timidly and carefully upon the work. I had already gathered some material and had formed a general plan of the volume which I styled Harmonic Arrangement of the Acts of the Apostles. Its preparation in my weak, nervous state was one of great labor. Nor was it all that I desired. As I sent it to press I felt that this was my last literary work.

Soon after this the Publication Society determined to publish "Brief Notes on the New Testament," and the secretary, Dr. Benjamin Griffith, asked me to prepare the Notes on the Gospels. I consented to do this, and it was arranged that I should have half of my time given me until I completed the work. I began in July, 1883, and finished the work in April, 1884. This was a far easier task than the preparation of the "Harmony of the Acts." The volume has had a large circulation.

I endured this last labor so well that it inspired me with hope that I might do something more in my chosen line of exegetical work. As the winter came on and my health continued to improve, the conviction of duty grew upon me. Almost ten years had passed since the terrible breakdown in health, and it seemed that what I was to do must be done systematically and quickly. With a full heart I wrote to Doctor Griffith and laid the case before him, and asked what I should do. His reply was wise and favorable. I determined to begin a commentary on the Acts, to devote what spare time I had to its study and preparation, and leave results to the Lord.

I had already devoted much attention to the Acts both in private study and in the preparation of the Harmonic Arrangement. Popularly and practically I had studied it in preaching over twenty sermons from it. I now began a thorough review of the book in the light of the best authorities and of the most recent scholarship, using the best critical texts and comparing the latest versions. The winter was the principal time for study and writing, although I found occasional opportunities at all seasons of the year. But at no time did I lose sight of the work. My thought and reading were ever in that direction.

During the five years of its preparation I planned and preached a series of sermons, covering the Acts in a general way. In addition I preached about twenty-five sermons on particular portions of the book which had been too lightly passed over in the general series of discourses. Thus I covered the book practically while studying it critically. Many of the discussions in the commentary and very many of the practical remarks did good service in these discourses. My volume was ready for the press in 1890, and was issued in 1892.

When nearing the close of my commentary on the Acts I came face to face with a like work on the Epistles.

I had hoped to complete a commentary on the New Testament and had given much study with that end in view. But when I began to think of actual work on the Epistle to the Romans, I shrank from the task. Having devoted so much time to the biographical and historical portions of the New Testament, I feared I could not do justice to the doctrinal parts. I also saw that, at the rate I was progressing in my work, life would be too short to complete the New Testament in the manner I desired.

I therefore corresponded with several parties with reference to associating them with me in my work. While I was doing this, Rev. O. P. Eaches, our pastor at Hightstown, made an incidental remark one day that he had often thought he would like to prepare a Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Finding that he had given much thought to the Epistle, and knowing his fine scholarship and ability as a teacher, I said to him: "You are the man I have been looking for. I wish you to prepare a volume on Hebrews, James, and First and Second Peter as a part of my commentaries on the New Testament." After writing to Dr. B. Griffith, Secretary of the Publication Society, and getting his approval, I arranged with Doctor Eaches to prepare the aforesaid work, which would be the eighth volume of my commentaries. This was in 1893. Later I arranged with Doctor Eaches to prepare the ninth, or concluding volume, on First, Second, and Third John, Jude, and Revelation. In regard to Revelation I had long cherished the desire to prepare a practical commentary on a critical basis upon that book, but I foresaw that if I lived to do this, it would be in the failing portion of my life, when I would probably be unequal to the task. I concluded to continue my commentary work through Paul's Epistles, concluding with that to Philemon, and have Doctor Eaches complete the work of the remaining books of the New Testament.

In prosecuting these studies I endeavored to make most of fragments of time, whether at home or away. My study was always ready for work; grammatical and exegetical helps were at hand; recent discussions on disputed points were within reach. When traveling, my Greek Testament and some other helpful work were with me. I did much reading in the cars, or while waiting at railroad stations. I thus got as clear a view as possible of every word, sentence, and paragraph. I strove to put myself in the apostle's place, get his course of thought and the meaning of his utterance. How near I attained these ends I leave others to judge. The writing of the work was completed with the closing days of 1895, and I took the manuscript to the Publication Society in Philadelphia.

It was about a month later that fire destroyed the fine and commodious building of the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, in the early morning of February 2, 1896. I spent that Sunday at Woodstown, New Jersey. Just after I came to the station on Monday morning the Philadelphia papers were received, and on one I saw in large letters, "Great fire! Baptist Publication House destroyed!" I was startled. What will be the effect of this? How much would it embarrass the Society? None could tell. I knew, however, that there was large insurance which would greatly help. And then the Society had strong friends; and the Lord was over all and would not forsake. Then very naturally I thought of my manuscript on Romans and Corinthians, and of the more than four years I had spent upon it. Could it be that it was burned? The very thought made my heart sink within me.

A day or so later I wrote to Rev. Philip L. Jones, D. D., the book editor of the Society, regarding my manuscript. He replied that it was in the vault, perhaps injured somewhat by heat or by being submerged in water; and that it

would take several days to clear away the débris, pump out the water, and get to the vault. About a week later these cheering but laconic lines came from Doctor Jones: "Your manuscript on Romans and Corinthians is safe! It was on a shelf, but little injured, and as *dry* as it was on the day that it came from the pen of the writer!" But whether dry or not, its preservation and rescue was to me like a voice of divine approval and encouragement. Its publication was delayed for a few months. It then passed through the press and was published late in 1897, and was well received.

The electrotype plates of all my works were submerged in water for several days after the fire. They were not, however, seriously injured, and the insurance upon them was sufficient to pay for their cartage and cleansing. But my books, bound and unbound, were consumed by fire, or rendered worthless by water. It seemed, therefore, a fitting time to revise my works before any more should be printed. This had to be done in the plates, which was quite difficult. These revisions were mostly geographical, historical, and textual. Indexes were added to Luke and John to make them correspond with the other volumes, and a brief index to "The Acts." These revised editions were issued near the close of 1896.

In the autumn of 1896 I began the writing of my commentary on Galatians to Philemon (inclusive). Several years before this I prepared nine expository discourses on the Epistle to the Galatians and had preached thirty-six sermons on the other Epistles, besides giving special study on most of their difficult portions. I now began their study anew, critically and systematically, noting every word, phrase, sentence, and paragraph. The Epistle to the Ephesians was the most difficult. The intellectual strength and powerful logic of Paul is at its best. He is filled with deep thoughts too great for human

utterance, perhaps an echo of those unspeakable words he heard when caught up into paradise and to the third heaven. He gives vent in vehement expressions, broken sentences, parenthetic clauses, single words, bristling with ideas, thoughts coming forth as from an overflowing fountain. The Epistle to the Colossians came next in difficulty. Galatians was intensely interesting. The Thessalonians were stimulating and consoling, Timothy and Titus instructive and practical. But Philippians and Philemon were the most delightful, giving a view of Paul's loving heart and sending beams of sunshine all along our way.

In these Epistles, as well as in Romans and Corinthians, I gave special attention to their analysis. I sought to present the train of thought in as clear language as possible and in such brief compass as to be easily remembered. To do this cost much thought and labor. Early in 1901 I completed the work and sent the manuscript to the publishers. On account of various delays it did not appear till the spring of 1903.

The commentary on the rest of the New Testament from Hebrews to Revelation inclusive, by my associate, Rev. O. P. Eaches, D. D., was now ready to be issued in two volumes. Great indeed was my satisfaction and joy at the completion of a work to which much of the thought and labor of my life had been given. For nearly fifty years it had been on my heart and in my prayers. My heart overflowed with gratitude to God who had spared my life to accomplish a work which I had undertaken not for any material personal gain, but for the glory of God and the good of his cause.

It may be asked, Did it pay? Not financially, as many would value labor. Such books sell slowly though often through a long period. The royalty is small. Dollars and cents never entered into my aims nor formed a

motive. A business man was once greatly surprised when I stated this. Amusing reports of my financial success at various times came to me. Years ago a ministering brother in Camden told my son that I had made a fortune from my books. Little did he and others know how great the toil, fatigue, and anxieties often, in comparison to the financial returns. It is true the returns during the past forty years (1870-1910) amount to a considerable sum. But as nearly as I can estimate I have received less than twenty-five cents an hour for actual labor put forth. And this takes no account of the thought and anxieties necessarily connected with such a work. I certainly would not advise any one to undertake writing commentaries as a financial enterprise.

But when I look at the work on its educative and spiritual side, I can say, it has richly paid, it has been of untold profit in the increased knowledge of truth acquired and in the blessed and comforting experiences enjoyed. I got my pay day by day as I labored on. I was constantly helped in both my private and public ministry. Next to Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit the word of God is his most precious gift to man. "The opening of thy word giveth light. Thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it."

XXV

SHADOWS

FIFTY years have passed since I began the public preaching of the gospel. It has been a delightful vocation. I would not exchange the calling for any other on earth. There have been trials, hardships, struggles, but the joy of the Lord has been my strength. Were I to begin life anew, I would choose the same work, though with present experience I might avoid some mistakes and be more careful of health, and upon the whole be more effective in various lines of service. I have loved every branch of my work so much that it would be difficult to say which I have enjoyed the most. Preaching and pastoral labor have been equally my delight. Holding evangelistic meetings, visiting the unsaved, directing inquirers to Christ, have been an inexpressible joy. Laboring in destitute places, helping the weak, preaching to the young, talking to children, reaching after young men, and especially the boys, each and all of these have afforded me great happiness. But nothing has given me greater pleasure than the study of God's word. Precious have been the hours spent in my study—alone with God and his truth—the place has been, as it were, the house of God and the gate of heaven.

Through all my ministerial life I have been much in the sunshine. There have been clouds, but they have been rifted, the broken openings letting in light from the Sun of righteousness. And the shadows have not been altogether dark. On the one hand sickness, laid aside from active labor, and for more than three years unable

184



REV. AND MRS. G. W. CLARK
AFTER FIFTY YEARS
SEPTEMBER 6, 1905

to preach; but on the other hand, not forsaken, hopeful, blessed experiences, rejoicing in the God of my salvation and songs in the night.

The darkest shadows have been in the loss of children, and the passing of the one who for more than fifty years walked by my side, sharing my toils, participating in my joys, always hopeful and helpful with an unfaltering faith in God. But even with these have come gleams of a glorious immortality. I have already related how Sara Ella was taken away in infancy at Elizabeth, September 5, 1862. After this, for more than thirty-six years our family circle remained unbroken. But on November 5, 1898, our youngest, Lillie Bersha, passed away in the twenty-eighth year of her age, after a long and painful illness, the result of a complication of diseases following typhoid fever. She had a comprehensive mind, good judgment, and much executive ability.

The Hightstown "Gazette," in its next issue, said:

In the death of Miss Clark our community has lost one of its brightest minds. Her life was brief, but it was a full one in noble purposes and deeds.

Eighteen years ago she came to this town with her parents, and entered the primary department of Peddie Institute. Pursuing the full course of study, she laid the foundation of fine scholarship, and graduated in 1888 at the head of her class. After teaching a year in the preparatory department of the Institute, in 1889 she entered Vassar College. There she pursued successfully the classical and scientific courses, graduating with the highest honors in 1893. As a recognition of her excellence in science, she received an appointment to a scholarship at the laboratory of Wood's Hole on the Massachusetts coast, where, in the summer of 1893, she pursued advanced studies in biology.

Then a year was spent at home, during which she engaged in various kinds of church and Sunday-school work and teaching, especially in taking the place of Professor Gayman, teacher of science in Peddie Institute, during his visit to Europe in the spring and summer of 1894. In the autumn of that year she accepted the position of teacher of science in the High School

at Bloomfield, New Jersey. There she remained three years, endearing herself to her pupils and giving great satisfaction to the Board of Education. In the summer of 1897 she was chosen principal of the school at Narberth, Pennsylvania, and entered upon the duties of the office on the first of September. The school at once felt the influence of her administrative and organizing ability. New and improved methods were introduced; teachers and pupils were filled with enthusiasm; and advancement was made in all lines.

In the early autumn of 1882 Miss Clark was baptized by her father, on profession of faith, and united with the Baptist church of this place. She was active in Christian work. One year she gathered together and taught a large Bible class, and was president of the Farther Lights Missionary Society. Whatever she touched she imparted to it an inspiration. Temperance work and young people's societies engaged her attention.

In the year 1897 she removed her membership to the Baptist church at Narberth, where she did her best and the crowning work of her life. Hopeful, joyous, and active, she threw herself into religious work as it came to hand. She was president of the King's Daughters, wrought in the Sunday-school, helped in prayer-meetings, and interested herself in helping others personally. Had she known that it was her last year, she could not have worked more faithfully. It was, indeed, a beautiful ending of a short, earnest, consecrated life.

From the first her disease was complicated, and threatened a fatal termination. It baffled the best efforts of medical science. But through it all she was patient in great suffering, hopeful, and thoughtful of others. Ready to stay or go, she was ever cheery, and lent a charm to her sick-room. In the past she had tried to be faithful, and life was nothing to her unless she lived it for a purpose. Her mind was strong and clear to the end. Soon after she was taken sick, she repeated those beautiful lines of Victor Hugo, so expressive of her own hopeful and joyous faith, and prophetic too of now continuing her work in a higher and heavenly sphere:

Be like a bird,
That, pausing in her flight,
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels all beneath her feet give way yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

The following was found among her papers after her decease:

"The Hightstown Baptist Church, with its pastor, are foremost in the influences which have moulded and developed my spiritual life, and I thank God for them and pray that my future life may be worthy of them.

"LILLIE B. CLARK."

The following appreciative words came from her brother, G. Fish Clark, M. D., of Brooklyn, New York, upon hearing of her death:

"Lillie's life I should love to emulate, the purity of her soul I would long to possess.

"A noble character in a frail and overworked body. Her conscience was acute, her intellect bright, her judgment usually correct, her intentions always good, and above all her devotion to God and her Saviour unbounded. . . The only tangible part that is left of Lillie is the undying influence which she has impressed indelibly upon the minds and hearts of her pupils and companions. A full life is not measured by the length of years, but by the amount accomplished. Certainly no life could be filled to overflowing with good deeds and energy to a greater extent than that of our beloved Lillie."

In the midst of our great sorrow I could but thank God that for twenty-seven years we had had such a daughter with us. He had lent her to us, and now we but returned her to him. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Hardly two years had passed and our oldest, Mrs. Carrie Louise Hatt, was taken. She died at Albany, September 13, 1900, forty-three years of age. She was

born at New Market, New Jersey, August 20, 1857. Early in life she professed conversion, and was baptized, May, 1872, by her father at Ballston Spa, where he was pastor of the Baptist church. Removing to Somerville, New Jersey, she attended the Classical Institute of that place, and afterward Peddie Institute, being connected with the class of 1875. Later she graduated from Dean's College, Binghamton, New York. In 1881 she came with her parents to Hightstown, and for two years was teacher of music in Peddie Institute and organist of the Baptist church. On September 17, 1894, she was married to George J. Hatt, a merchant of Albany, New York.

Mrs. Hatt was a devoted member of the Immanuel Church in Albany for sixteen years. She was a woman of varied accomplishments, of sincere devotion to the church, and of strong religious convictions. She left a young son, Harold, but two weeks old. Her husband and parents received the sincere sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

The following characteristic letter from our son, Dr. George Fish Clark, of Brooklyn, N. Y., explains itself:

MY DEAR MOTHER: Your letter announcing the passing away of sister Carrie came this morning. This comes as a sad ending to what otherwise might have been the beginning of a most happy period in the life of both herself and brother George.

It is with much difficulty that I express my feelings on this matter. . . Carrie undoubtedly lives to-day, and is relieved of all these cares. She can look back and see how little all of us sometimes worry about, and what an infinitesimal period of eternity the longest life occupies. She has crossed that river toward which all of us are approaching, and which many dread. The struggle of that soul to disentangle itself from the limitations of the body was indeed severe and painful, but it is over now, and only the body suffered, the spirit soars above.

Do not, my dear mother, be cast down in spirit. Let the faith which to you is knowledge which you taught to us as



G. FISH CLARK, A. B., M. D.

MRS. G. J. HATT
(CARRIE LOUISE CLARK)

BERTHA R. CLARK

LILLIE CLARK

children, bear you over this sad bereavement, and may you feel that God knows best, and that Carrie now enjoys a better, nobler life. . .

Why our religion? Why our faith? Why is life worth living? Why mourn the dead? Trust, we say, I believe, in heaven. Why should we individually proclaim, I believe in God, in Christ who came to save the sinner, in the resurrection, in a life everlasting, in so glorious a place as paradise, and then when one of us goes to live in this other and better environment we smite our breasts and bemoan another's misfortune? No; I cannot for a moment believe that we should.

Think of the millions upon millions of other mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, from the time when the land first pushed itself above the surface of the ocean until the present time, who have mourned the loss of their loved ones. The city of the dead is far more populous than the city of the living, and the number of its inhabitants is rapidly and daily increasing.

It is given to no mortal to live in this present sphere forever. Everything about us, material, fades and disintegrates into dust. It has ever been thus, and as long as the world lasts it will ever remain the same. It remains, however, for us, poor sinners as we are, to go on in our daily work, and to continue to work out in fulness our destiny. May God grant to us who remain of the family, strength to look upon this matter in the right light.

It was over ten years after this that my beloved wife, Mrs. Clark, entered into the "better country—that is, a heavenly." Suffering from a cold which was not regarded dangerous, she passed away, apparently without pain and without a struggle, from heart failure, at twenty minutes to eleven in the evening, February 7, 1911. To the very last day she was planning church and missionary work; but she left these for a more glorious work in a higher sphere. She was beautiful in death. Her countenance beamed as if faith was giving way to sight, and she had caught a glimpse of coming glory.

Soon after at the monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Hightstown Baptist Church, a committee, through Mrs. R. W. Swetland, reported as follows:

We note with sorrow the vacant chair of our loved president, Mrs. George W. Clark. For twenty-eight years the presiding officer of our society, she gave to the work of Christian missions a wealth of intelligent administration, earnest devotion, and self-sacrificing faithfulness rarely seen.

By her gentle womanhood and her sweet Christian virtue she won the hearts of her associates, while her unflinching interest in the cause she served was a constant example and stimulus to others.

Cheerful in adversity, resigned under afflictions, undaunted before difficulties, outspoken against wrong, yet tactful and sympathetic in spirit, she was loved, honored, and respected by us all as a sister in Christ, a "mother in Israel." Like Dorcas of the early church, she was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. We miss her here. We bear this testimony to her goodness; we shall meet her in a better land.

Later still, a Thursday evening was set apart at the Baptist church for a memorial service. Mrs. Clark had been a member of the church for thirty years and president of the Woman's Missionary Society for twenty-eight years. A sketch of her early life was prepared by Dr. G. W. Clark and read by Mrs. Sarah P. Botzong. She was born among the hills of Vermont, the daughter of Rev. Samuel Fish, who served the Baptist church at Halifax for fifty years. Trained in good schools she became a teacher first in Vermont and then in Newark, New Jersey. Mrs. M. M. Job read a paper speaking of her interest in all forms of missionary work, her unwearied faithfulness in the work. Mrs. W. N. Cunningham spoke of her interest in all kinds of church work, in the Ladies' Aid Society, and in everything that would help the church in any way. Mrs. O. P. Eaches spoke of

her larger work in connection with the Trenton Association, of which for years she was vice-president. It was a delight to work with her, she was helpful and appreciative. Mrs. R. H. Rivenburg spoke of her as a friend and neighbor. She was thoughtful and helpful, having a Good Samaritan spirit. Mrs. Botzong, the recently elected president of the society, spoke of the intelligent knowledge that Mrs. Clark had of the missionary work. The pastor spoke of her as a church-member. She was faithful in all ways, in attendance at worship, at prayer-meeting, leading in missionary effort, hopeful and helpful. She presented a well-balanced life, devout, conscientious, intelligent, liberal, earnest, happy in service. Wherever she is to-day, she cannot be kept from enjoying worship and work.

Here I rest my pen. I have written more than I expected when I began. And how came I to write what I have? At the earnest and repeated request of my children. They wished me to note down some incidents of my early years, some of the struggles in getting an education, some experiences in pastoral and missionary life, and something about my commentary work. I was loth to do this, and even when assenting, slow to begin.

At length my daughter Bertha urgently renewed the request, offering to do the writing if I would do the dictating, or furnish the material. I yielded, and so these sketches and reminiscences began. But her health, which had been undermined by overwork, did not permit her to continue, and I carried on her work.

Doctor Clark's pen was laid down abruptly. Undoubtedly his own translation to the better land came to him unexpectedly, or he would have added some closing

words. But little more was needed to carry home or deepen the impressions of his useful life. And it was useful to an eminent degree. It was one of those quiet, unobtrusive lives, of which the world makes little record, but of which it is full, that count service above profit and carry ministry and uplift to all with whom they come in contact. No one can rise from the perusal of this chronicle without feeling that to the author and subject of it have come with special emphasis from the Master whom he so loved and served: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." [Ed.]



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